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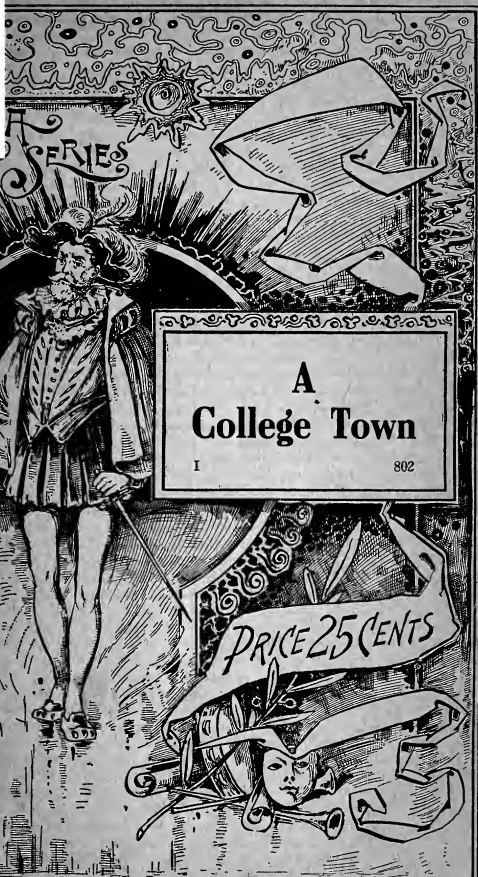
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NO PLAYS EXCHANGED.



A
College Town

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Out in the Streets, 3 acts, 1 hr.		6 4
Pet of Parson's Ranch, 5 acts, 2 h.		9 2
School Ma'am, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.		6 5
Scrap of Paper, 3 acts, 2 hrs.		6 6
Seth Greenback, 4 acts, 1¾ hrs.		7 3
Soldier of Fortune, 5 acts, 2½ h.		8 3
Solon Shingle, 2 acts, 1½ hrs.		7 2
Sweethearts, 2 acts, 35 min.		2 2
Ten Nights in a Barroom, 5 acts, 2 hrs.		7 4
Third Degree, 40 min. (25c)		12
Those Dreadful Twins, 3 acts, 2 hrs. (25c)		6 4
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Topp's Twins, 4 acts, 2 h. (25c)		6 4
Trip to Storyland, 1¾ hrs. (25c)		17 23
Uncle Josh, 4 acts, 2¼ hrs. (25c)		8 3
Under the Laurels, 5 acts, 2 hrs.		6 4
Under the Spell, 4 acts, 2½ hrs. (25c)		7 3
Yankee Detective, 3 acts, 2 hrs.		8 3

FARCES, COMEDIETAS, Etc.

April Fools, 30 min.	3	
Assessor, The, 10 min.	3	2
Aunt Matilda's Birthday Party, 35 min.	11	
Baby Show at Pineville, 20 min.	19	
Bad Job, 30 min.	3	2
Betsy Baker, 45 min.	2	2
Billy's Chorus Girl, 25 min.	2	3
Billy's Mishap, 20 min.	2	3
Borrowed Luncheon, 20 min.	5	
Borrowing Trouble, 20 min.	3	5
Box and Cox, 35 min.	2	1
Cabman No. 93, 40 min.	2	2
Case Against Casey, 40 min.	23	
Convention of Papas, 25 min.	7	
Country Justice, 15 min.	8	
Cow that Kicked Chicago, 20 m.	3	2

T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, Publishers, 163 Randolph St., Chicago.

A COLLEGE TOWN

A COLLEGE FARCE COMEDY
IN THREE ACTS

BY
WALTER BEN HARE



CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
163 RANDOLPH STREET

1910

A COLLEGE TOWN

CHARACTERS.

JIMMIE CAVENDISH.....	<i>A Rah-rah Boy</i>
TAD CHESELDINE.....	<i>The College Cut-up</i>
LEVITICUS.....	<i>The Ace of Spades</i>
MAJOR KILPEPPER.....	<i>The Head of the Military</i>
PROFESSOR SENACHARRIB POPP.....	<i>The Chair of Philology</i>
SCOTCH MACALLISTER.....	<i>The Football Captain</i>
SHORTY LONG.....	<i>The Ubiquitous Freshman</i>
BILLY VAN DORN.....	<i>On the Glee Club</i>
DR. TWIGGS.....	<i>On the Faculty</i>
MISS "JIM" CHANNING.....	<i>The Girl from Dixie</i>
MARJORIE HAVILAND.....	<i>The College Widow</i>
MRS. BAGGSBY, "MA".....	<i>A Popular Landlady</i>
MISS JANE CAVENDISH.....	<i>Cavendish and Dean, Wall St., N. Y.</i>
MRS. CLEOPATRA POPP.....	<i>A Faculty Type</i>
MRS. MOLLIE STILES.....	<i>A Honeymooner</i>
MISS TWIGGS.....	<i>A Relic of Other Days</i>
MRS. TWIGGS.....	<i>A Motherly Old Soul</i>
STUDENTS, MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, TOWN GIRLS, THE FOOTBALL TEAM, ETC.	

NOTE.—Scotch MacAllister and Dr. Twiggs may double. Mrs. Mollie Stiles and Mrs. Twiggs may double.

SYNOPSIS.

- ACT I—A College Boarding House...Jimmie's Aunt Jane
ACT II—A Faculty Dinner Party.....
Aunt Jane not Feeling Well
ACT III—The Football Game...Aunt Jane on the Gridiron

PLACE—*Any College Town.*

TIME—*Present Day.*

TIME OF PLAYING—*About Two Hours and Fifteen Minutes.*

As presented under the direction of the author, by the class of 1908, Columbia, Missouri, High School, January 14 and 15, 1908.

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1910.

SPECIALTIES.

ACT I.

1. Bright college song to take up curtain.
2. Coon song. Leviticus.
3. Costume trio. "The Widow Song," from "The Prince of Pilsen." Ends in skirt dance. Tad, Shorty and Billy.
4. "Heidelberg Stein Song," from "The Prince of Pilsen." Billy.

ACT II.

1. "Since I First Met You," from "The Sultan of Sulu." Jimmie and Jim.
2. The College Serenade. Glee Club.

ACT III.

1. "Fairest Bexley," to air of "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean," in "Home Songs," 50c. Oliver Ditson Co.
2. "Old B. U.," to air of "Boola Song (Yale)," in "College Songs," 50c. Oliver Ditson Co.

SYNOPSIS FOR PROGRAM.

ACT I—Eight a. m. in a college boarding house. Trying to wake Jimmie. "Seven cuts and it's only November." Marjorie, the ever blooming college widow. The Ace of Spades has troubles of his own. Rehearsing for the College Opera. Three giddy widows. Jimmie meets the girl from Dixie. A college spread, pillow fight and quadrille. "For the honor of old Bexley!" The discipline committee make a morning call on Jimmie. The fatal frat pin. "Thus doth Marc Antony salute her snaky highness, Cleopatra of Egypt."

ACT II—Arranging for the faculty dinner. The punch is too weak for the Major. "When one is on the faculty *some* things must be done sub rosa." The Bexley faculty arrive. Jimmie's Aunt Jane, a real live millionaire. "Howdy-do, Prexy; isn't this a beamish evening?" The college serenaders. Major proposes to Aunt Jane. Professor Popp samples the spiked punch and resolves to be master of his own house. The real Aunt Jane arrives as a pleasant little surprise for Jimmie. "Aunty's not feeling well!"

ACT III—On the side lines at a football game. The Thanksgiving game. Aunt Jane hits the pipe. "Fairest Bexley." "If the last half goes anything like this one, I'll have to write home to grandma." Jim's four-leaved clover. "I shall keep this always." "A regular college flirt." Leviticus, the chief official rubber-down. The two Aunt Janes. "Touch-down, touchdown!" The real Aunt Jane gets mixed up in the game. "He's within a yard of the line." Jimmie makes the kick. "For the honor of Bexley." Jim remembers her promise.

THE STORY OF THE PLAY.

Jimmie Cavendish, a typical college good fellow, is a senior at Bexley College. The night before the opening of the play he has been out on a lark and, in his rah-rah enthusiasm has broken several windows, painted a statue on the campus and, to cap the climax, calls at the home of Professor Popp, the chairman of the discipline committee, and kisses his tyrannical wife, who answers the bell. He escapes, but loses his fraternity pin. Mrs. Popp finds this and sees Jimmie's name on the back. The play opens the next morning at Jimmie's boarding house. "Ma" Baggsby, the mother of all her college boarders, is expecting her niece from Carolina to spend Thanksgiving with her. The young lady arrives and at once captivates the fancy of Jimmie. Matters are complicated by the arrival of the discipline committee hot on his trail. He manages to get out of the scrape by stating that he was with his aunt the night before. His Aunt Jane is thinking about endowing a chair at the col-

lege and Jimmie "works" the discipline committee. They insist on seeing the aunt, however, and Jimmie's two chums, Tad and Shorty, each unknown to the other, agree to impersonate Jimmie's aunt.

Mrs. Popp gives a faculty dinner party in honor of Jimmie's aunt and Tad goes disguised as a giddy old maid. Mrs. Popp's brother, the head of the military department, proposes to Tad in a ludicrous love scene. The real Aunt Jane arrives from New York and goes to the dinner party. She is met by Tad and hustled away before she meets the faculty. Things are beginning to get very exciting for Tad as the Major insists on making love and the dinner party is full of comic interruptions.

The college glee club, after serenading the guests of Mrs. Popp, are treated rather shabbily and, out of revenge, they "spike" the punch. The innocent, hen-pecked Popp thinks the punch is better than usual and takes too much. In his exhilarated state he proceeds to lay down the law to his domineering spouse, but is rebuffed and led by the ear back to the dinner party. Jimmie's admiration for Mrs. Baggsby's niece deepens and he obtains her permission to escort her to the Thanksgiving football game.

The third act depicts the excited college crowd on the sidelines of the Thanksgiving football game. It is nearly the end of the first half and the rival team is winning. The Bexley rooters are all blue. Tad, still disguised as the aunt, amazes Leviticus by smoking a pipe and rooting for Bexley. Mrs. Baggsby and the real Aunt Jane arrive at the game. The Major, mistaking Aunt Jane for Tad, renews his love making, much to the lady's surprise. Tad arrives and explains the whole joke to the Major. The Major is indignant and threatens to expel Jimmie, but is finally pacified by Tad's threat to tell all about the Major's love making. The football men need Tad in the game, as he is a substitute player. They mistake Aunt Jane for Tad and rush her out on the field. She is rescued by Jimmie and, because of his heroism, forgives all the deception. After a thrilling football description the game is won for Bexley by Jimmie and all ends well.

CHARACTERS AND COSTUMES.

JIMMIE CAVENDISH—Act I: On first entrance a long bath robe; on second entrance the typical suit of a college "swell." Act II: Dinner clothes. Act III: Complete football costume. Quick of speech but always cool and collected.

TAD CHESELDINE—Act I: First suit, turned-up "peg" trousers, red socks, tie and hatband, white felt hat, bulldog tan shoes. Second suit as "Widow." Grey crimped wig, parted in the middle. Long, black dress. Pumps. Widow's bonnet with black veil hanging down behind. Corset, under-skirts, etc. For final entrance he wears smoked glasses and carries a small black cloth bag on arm. Act II: Black dress and wig as in Act I. White lace cap and "bertha," large fan, white duck trousers. Act III: Widow's costume as in final appearance in Act I. Pennant and megaphone. To be played quick, loud and snappy.

PROFESSOR POPP—Acts I and III: Black suit, white gaiters and tie, bright fancy vest, stiff black hat, cane, eyeglasses. Act II: Dinner costume. Make-up with half bald, sandy wig, mustache and side-whiskers. Should be played as a nervous little man. Don't overdo punch scene in Act II.

MAJOR KILPEPPER—Acts I and III: Fatigue uniform, complete. Act II: Dress uniform with bullion, etc. Should be played by tall man with deep commanding voice. Very pompous. About fifty years old, white wig.

SHORTY LONG—Act I: Similar to Tad. Act II: Dinner clothes. Act III: As a spectator at a football game. Megaphone, pennant, etc.

BILLY VAN DORN—Acts I and II: College clothes. Widow's costume similar to Tad's. Act III: Similar to Shorty's.

SCOTCH—Act I: Sweater and college clothes. Act III: Football uniform.

LEVITICUS—Act I: White coat, etc. Act II: Full dress. Act III: Sweater, etc. All exaggerated. To be played lazy and sleepy.

DR. TWIGGS—Act II: White wig and whiskers. Dinner clothes.

MISS "JIM"—Age nearly eighteen. Act I: Traveling dress and cloak and hat. Dresses all ankle length. Act II: White evening dress. Act III: Pretty autumn dress of dark material. A pretty little southern girl with low, rather drawly voice. Hair arranged with ribbon bows.

MARJORIE—Age, twenty-four. Act I: Trailing dress of fluffy, light material, feather boa, parasol, large hat, black gloves. For last entrance costume and make-up are an exact duplicate of Tad's. Act II: Trailing dinner dress. Act III: White sweater with "B" on it. Pennant, etc.

MRS. POPP—Age, forty-four. Dark skirt, ankle length for Acts I and III. Man's coat, shirt, collar and tie. Man's derby hat with small red wing in it. Act II: Princess dress of yellow with large black cloth-covered buttons. Artificial flowers, lace, etc., in very bad taste. Peacock feather headdress. Loud and commanding.

MRS. BAGGSBY—Act I: Work dress of calico, apron. Change to walking dress and shawl and bonnet. Act II: Red dinner dress in old-fashioned style. Act III: Same as second dress in Act I. Gray hair. About fifty years old. Very romantic.

MISS CAVENDISH—Act II: Handsome black walking dress, dark glasses. Act III: Same as Act II. On second entrance she wears the remnants of the same, much torn and very dirty. Her eye is blacked and face bloody. Bonnet awry and hair hanging down. Makeup about forty-five years old.

MRS. TWIGGS—Act II: White hair, dark dinner dress. About seventy years old.

MOLLIE STILES—Similar to Marjorie.

MISS TWIGGS—Similar to Marjorie, but rather eccentric.

PROPERTIES.

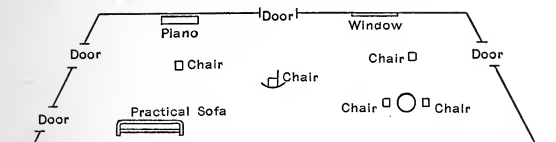
ACT I—Old-fashioned furniture around room. College pictures, pennants and looking glass on wall. Round-top table with books, hammer, tacks and framed photo of a student on it. Also another student's photo unframed. Old-fashioned sofa with satin sofa pillow on it. Eight other pillows around room. Rocking chair. Glass of water for Scotch. Dinner bell for Mrs. B. College bell to be rung in distance, *L.* Pipes, books, etc., for boys. Napkin, banana and red tie for Tad. Crash box off *L.* Mail as indicated in text for Leviticus. Broom, dustpan, feather duster for Leviticus. Three letters and fashion plate in wrapper. Calling cards for Marjorie and Mollie. Posters for Marjorie. Door bell to ring off *C.* Large express box containing letter, suspenders and other packages as indicated in text. Pipe for Jimmie. Pipe for Tad. Black dress, bonnet, etc., for Mrs. B. and Marjorie.

ACT II—Fancy furniture and palms. Table. Punch bowl with punch glasses. Portieres on door (to be torn down). Whisky flasks for Major and Billy. Revolver and large fake firecracker for Billy.

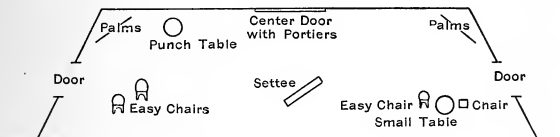
ACT III—Pennants, tin horns and megaphones for all. Bucket of water for Leviticus. Pipe for Tad. Tobacco and matches for Leviticus. Blankets and sweaters for team. Whistle. Clover leaf for Jim. Ring for Jimmie.

SCENE PLOT.

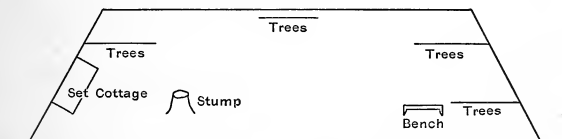
ACT I.



ACT II.



ACT III.



NOTE.—A set cottage will add to the effect of Act III, yet it is not essential and can be omitted.

STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R. means right of stage; *C.*, center; *R. C.*, right center; *L.*, left; *R. D.*, right door; *L. D.*, left door, etc.; 1 *E.*, first entrance; *U. E.*, upper entrance, etc.; *D. F.*, door in flat, or scene running across the back of the stage; 1 *G.*, first groove, etc. The actor is supposed to be facing the audience.

A COLLEGE TOWN

ACT I.

SCENE: *General sitting-room of a college boarding house. Furniture is somewhat old-fashioned. College pictures and pennants on wall. Round-top table L. C., with books, photographs and a framed picture of a young man on it. Sofa R. with satin pillow on it. Rocking chair C. Seven or eight dark pillows and chairs around room. Old-fashioned piano may be on at back. Entrances, center door from street, L. 3 E. into dining-room, R. 3 E. into TAD's room, R. 1 E. practical door into JIMMIE's room. Window with white muslin curtains in flat. Lights all on. Bright college song sung by boys off L. to take up the curtain. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

After rise there is a slight pause, then SCOTCH enters L., crosses down to R. of table L. C., sits and studies. MRS. BAGGSBY hurries in from L, crosses to R. 1 E. and knocks on JIMMIE's door.

MRS. BAGGSBY. Jimmie, Jimmie. Breakfast is nearly through. You'll be late for that 8 o'clock again. Jimmie, do you hear me? Get up! (*Knocks.*)

SCOTCH. Better let him snooze a while, Ma. He was out with the Burrows gang last night.

MRS. B. My goodness, he ought to be ashamed of himself. Got seven cuts already, and it's only November. Jimmie, get up.

TAD CHESELDINE *comes tearing in R. 3 E.*

TAD. Morning, Ma. Fourteen minutes to eat breakfast and make an 8 o'clock.

SCOTCH. Looking pretty frosty this morning, Tad, for a young one.

TAD. Feel frosty. Me for the feed. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. B. (*coming C.*). Well, I can't get him up. He'll be suspended sure if he keeps on like this. Came back on probation, too.

SCOTCH. I'll get him up for you, Ma. (*Exits L., returns with glass of water and exits R. 1 E.* MRS. BAGGSBY crosses and peeks through a crack in the door. JIMMIE gives a yell. There is a scuffle and SCOTCH is thrown backward from the door. He falls C. Door is slammed and locked.)

MRS. B. (*at R. 1 E.*). Did he get up?

SCOTCH (*on floor, sadly*). No! He never moved.

Enter SHORTY, BILLY and MIXER from L.

SHORTY. What's the row?

MRS. B. Scotch was trying to wake Jimmie. (*SCOTCH gets up and studies.*)

SHORTY (*coming down R.*). Ain't that kid up yet?

MRS. B. (*at R. 1 E.*). Not yet. He'll miss his 8 o'clock again and that will be eight cuts. (*She gets dinner bell from L.*)

SHORTY. We'll wake him up. Come on. (*MIXER and BILLY come down R. 1 E.*)

SHORTY, MIXER and BILLY. Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah, Jimmie! (*Sing.*)

"For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
For he's a jolly good fellow,
Which nobody will deny."

ALL. Get up! Fire! Police! Jimmie! (*Mrs. B rings dinner bell.*) (*Silence.*)

JIMMIE (*inside R. 1 E.*). Good morning. Have you used Sare's dope?

ALL. Get up. It's 8 o'clock. Get up.

JIMMIE. Aw, shut up. I'm sleepy. (*College bell rings. Boys get books and caps, fill pipes, etc. MIXER lights cigarette. SCOTCH still studies at table.*)

SHORTY (*to TAD, who is off L.*). Come on Tad. Got your Greek?

TAD enters L. with napkin tucked in neck, eating a banana.

TAD. I'm with you. Greek? Not for mine. Scotch's got it. Come on. (MIXER and BILLY throw arms over each other's shoulders and exit C.) Where's my psychology? (Looking on table.)

SHORTY. Sid Tucker borrowed it last night. Come on, Scotch. (They start toward door. MRS. BAGGSBY goes up and brings TAD down C. and takes napkin from his neck. Exit C. SHORTY with SCOTCH studying.)

MRS. B. Tad Cheseldine, where's your necktie?

TAD. Gee! forgot it. (Runs in R. 3 E., comes out with red tie and exits tying it.)

MRS. B. (down L.). Leviticus.

LEVITICUS (off L.). Yas'm.

MRS. B. (arranging room). Let them things go and come in here and help me. Jim's coming at 9 o'clock and this room looks a sight.

LEV. (off L.). Yas'm, but I got to—

MRS. B. (sharply). Drop what you're doing and come here. (Crash outside L.)

LEVITICUS entering L.

LEV. I dropped it.

MRS. B. My land of love! (Rushes out L.)

LEV. (sweeps busily).

MRS. B. entering L.

MRS. B. You broke two plates and a cup.

LEV. You done told me to drop 'em.

MRS. B. (at L. C.). You ain't got the sense of a rhinoceros. That'll cost you twenty-five cents.

LEV. (at C. Looks at her sadly, his lip quivers, he sniffs and then begins to cry softly). You done told me to drop 'em and I haint no rhinoceros.

MRS. B. Well, it's done now. Hurry and fix this room up. It's after eight now, and I've got to get this house straightened up and dress and get over to the station. (Exit R. 3 E.)

LEV. (*sniffing*). I haint no rhinoceros. Last week I haint got no sense. Dis week I'm a rhinoceros. I'm sure gwine to get me another place where dey don't call me no names. (*Sweeping and sniffing*). She's a old rhinoceros herself.

VOICE (*off C.*). Mail.

LEV. Yas, sir. (*Goes to door and gets the mail.*) Dere's a pink one dat smells like musk. (*Down C.*) Dat's Mr. Van Dorn. He'll give me a nickel. Long blue one wif writin' all over, Mr. Cheseldine. Another nickel. Little square one wif a gob o' wax on the back—nothin' doin'. Fashing plate, Mrs. Baggsby, old rhinoceros.

MRS. B. (*off R. 3 E.*). Is the settin' room done, Leviticus?

LEV. (*hastily putting mail on table and sweeping dirt into pan*). Yas'm, just about. Mail man's done been here.

MRS. B. (*off R. 3 E.*). My fashion magazine come?

LEV. Yas'm.

MRS. B. *enters R. 3 E., takes magazine and opens it.*

MRS. B. Finish this room, Leviticus. How large they're wearing their sleeves this month. This one's a dream.

LEV. Done in here now. (*Goes to R. 1 E.*)

MRS. B. Jimmie's not up yet.

LEV. Dat boy gwine to sleep all day?

MRS. B. (*looking at magazine*). Ruffled down the sides and four pearl buttons. I'm going to have my black and white stripe cut on the bias just that way. Finish this room, Leviticus. Then rid up Mr. Long's room and don't be all day. I wonder how I'd look in a court trail. (*Sweeps off L. looking down and back at an imaginary trail.*)

LEV. (*dusts room and sings:*)

Ole Mistah Skeeter got bit by a bee,
He turned around and bited a flea,
Flea bit a gnat, an' gnat bit a jigger,
Den de whole menagerie done bit a nigger.

(*Door bell rings.*)

LEV. (*peeks out of a window, then comes down and hides broom and pan. Bell rings again*). Yas'm, I'm comin'. (*He tidies himself in glass and then opens door.*)

MARJORIE and MOLLIE enter C.

MARJORIE. Is Mrs. Baggsby in? (*They give cards.*)

LEV. (*at back*). Yas'm, she's in. Set down. I'll have the consumption to inform her ob your arrival. (*Exit LEV. L.*)

MOLLIE (*down L.*). Aunt Maud would be shocked.

MARJORIE. I don't care. I said I'd come, and come I have.

MOLLIE. What'll Mrs. Baggsby think?

MARJORIE (*down R.*). Oh, she knows me, and it's all right. (*Sees pillow on sofa.*) Well, wouldn't that jar you? There's the pillow I made for Jimmie Cavendish last year in Ma Baggsby's front parlor.

MOLLIE. Jimmie Cavendish? Oh, he's the boy with the green auto.

MARJORIE. The same.

MOLLIE. It's a lovely car. Just matches my green dress. Is it fast?

MARJORIE. Occasionally, in the mud. I think I'll have to take Jimmie in hand again. He's not been near the house for quite a while. Nice boy, too.

MOLLIE (*taking up photo on table*). There's Willis Connolly. You remember Willis, don't you?

MARJORIE. I never remember college men after they graduate. They come back, and they generally are married and want to forget, or if they are not married, they reminisce, and that's worse.

MOLLIE. I hope my Larry hasn't anything he wants to forget.

MARJORIE. Not Larry. You were, are and always will be, his onliest only, first, last and forever.

MOLLIE (*suspiciously*). Did you ever know him when he was in school?

MARJORIE (*carelessly*). Oh, he came to see me once or twice in his freshman year, but I was busy with big Bill Penwick in those days, and then you came in his soph. year. And now you're married and on your honeymoon, and I (*rather sadly*)—I am the college widow, ever blooming, ever young, and men may come, and men may go, but I stay on forever.

LARRY (*whistle outside*).

MOLLIE (*goes to window*). Larry's getting impatient. (*Speaks out of window*.) We'll be down directly, dear. (*Blows kiss*.) What a pretty nose he's got. (*Looks out of window*.)

MARJORIE (*has crossed to table and taken up the framed picture*). And this is Perce. (*Sadly*.) Poor—old—Perce. (*With tears in her voice*.) He's buried somewhere down in Cuba in a grave marked "Unknown." Poor old Perce! (*Sigh*.)

MRS. B. (*hurrying in from L.*). Good morning, Miss Marjorie.

MARJORIE. Morning, ma. This is Mrs. Stiles. Married Larry Stiles of last year's class. They're on their honeymoon.

MRS. B. (*at C., MOLLIE R. 3 E.*). How romantic! I remember my honeymoon as if it were yesterday. I remember both of them, in fact. I've had two, you know.

MARJORIE. I'm on the ticket committee for the play. It's for the benefit of the church and we want you to take some tickets to sell and to put up one of these posters here.

MRS. B. All right. Leave me fifty tickets and tack up the poster. I know you'll excuse me. I'm expecting my niece this morning on the 8:50. I'm on my way to the depot now. I've only got seven minutes.

MOLLIE. We'll drive you over. Come on. (*MOLLIE and MRS. B. exit C.*)

MARJORIE (*looking at photo*). Poor old Perce.

MARJORIE *starts up C. and meets TAD, SHORTY and BILLY, who enter C.*

TAD. Why, Miss Haviland—

MARJORIE. Howdy, Mr. Cheseldine. If Mahomet won't come to the mountain, the mountain must come to Mahomet. You haven't been to see me for two weeks, so behold the mountain. And Shorty Long. (*Shakes hands*.) And Mr. Van Dorn. (*Shakes hands*.)

MOLLIE (*appears in door*). Marjorie, hurry, the train's in.

MARJORIE. All right. Good-bye, boys. (*MOLLIE and MARJORIE exit C.*)

TAD (*down C.*). That girl's a peach. Wake up, Short. You're not in a trance. Now, fellows, the duds are in my room. We'll dike up and have a good half hour of rehearsing.

SHORTY (*down R.*). If we lose the game there won't be a soul at the show Thanksgiving night.

TAD. Lose? Short, we can't lose. We simply can't.

SHORTY. Lost last Thanksgiving.

TAD. You know the umpire was against us. Stop croaking and get busy. (*TAD, SHORTY and BILLY exit R. 3 E. Door bell rings.*)

Enter LEVITICUS L.

LEV. Yas'm, I'm a comin'. Can't come no faster dan I are on two feet. Must think I'm a spider. (*At door C.*)

VOICE (*off C.*). Does Mr. James Cavendish live here?

LEV. Yassir, he libs here.

VOICE. Here's a box for him. Came by express. Sign.

LEV. What I got to sign?

VOICE. Aw—sign right there.

LEV. (*carries in a large box and places it C.*) Yas'r. Dat's a monstrous heavy box. Wonder what's in dere. Thanksgiving, I reckon. Ain't had nuthin' to eat since de last time. Smells like pie. Dem boys always gettin' something like dat. You bet I get my share, too. I ain't a house boy in a college boardin' house fer nothin'. Mr. Cheseldine got a angel cake las' week from his girl and de cookin' school. I made ma fool self plum, clean sick. It like to made a angel out o' me. (*Specialty. Sits down.*) Company comin' today. Old rhinoceros' niece. More work fer Leviticus. I'm kept busy now mornin', noon and night. Don't hardly get no time to eat. Got to go in dere and help de cook peel taters fer dinner. She's always makin' me work. Her an' old Miss Baggsby don't leave me no spare time to myself.

VOICE (*at L.*). Leviticus, yo' fool nigger; if you doan come in yere and help me peel dese taters, I'll skin you alive.

(*Silence.*) You yar me? (*Pause.*) I bet if you don't hurry up you won't get no cream pie fer dinner.

LEV. (*quickly*). Yes, ma'am. I'm sure comin'. (*Exit L. quickly*).

Enter TAD, SHORTY and BILLY dressed in widow's costumes, with veils, female wigs, black dresses, etc. Song, "The Widow," from "The Prince of Pilsen," or one of similar nature would be appropriate. Skirt dance at end and all dance off L. 3 E. After encore.

TAD. Well, if we do as well as that Thanksgiving we'll make a hit.

SHORTY. Or get hit.

BILLY. How are you going to be in the play, Tad, if they run you in on the game?

TAD. No place for me. Too light. What chance has a third substitute got?

MRS. B. (*outside C.*). Come in a little while anyhow. (*TAD, SHORTY and BILLY rush off L. 3 E.*)

Enter MRS. BAGGSBY, MISS JIM, MARJORIE and MOLLIE C.

MRS. B. (*coming down L.*). That was a delightful ride.

MARJORIE (*down R., giving MISS JIM a poster*). We'll have to run along and put up the rest of our posters. You'll put this up here, won't you? I'll come back in an hour and take you for a spin around the town, if you care to go.

MISS JIM (*at C. taking off hat. Speaks with a sweet, low, rather drawly voice*). If Aunt Louise don't need me.

MRS. B. (*at L. 1 E.*). You just run around all you please. I want you to have a good time.

MOLLIE (*at door C.*). We'll come back for you. Good-bye.

MISS JIM. Thank you. Good-bye.

MARJORIE. Good-bye. (*Exit MOLLIE and MARJORIE C.*)

MRS. B. (*taking MISS JIM's hat and coat*). She's the most popular girl in town. The students call her the college widow.

MISS JIM (*down C.*). Has she been married? She looks so young.

MRS. B. Married? Bless you, no. That's just a kind of a nick-name. The boys all call me Ma, though, goodness knows, what I would do if they *were* all mine.

MISS JIM. She sure is pretty.

MRS. B. Yes, indeed. And popular. The boys fall in love with her just as regular as they have eye teeth or get their hair cut.

LEV. (*putting head in L.*). Mrs. Baggsby, de ice man has came.

MRS. B. All right. The nickel's on the icebox. Tack up that poster some place where the boys'll see it and make yourself right at home. (*Exit MRS. B. L.*)

MISS JIM (*at back of stage*). I reckon I'll put it up right here. (*Comes down R. 1 E.*) No! This is a better place. (*Tacks it on door R 1 E.*)

JIMMIE (*inside R. 1 E.*). Cut that out. I'll get up when I get ready.

MISS JIM. My gracious! (*Tacking poster.*)

JIMMIE. I bet I'll land on you in about four seconds.

MISS JIM. I hope he won't land hard. (*Still tacking.*)

Enter JIMMIE, wearing bath robe, throwing open door R. 1 E.

JIMMIE. Say, what's the matter with you?

MISS JIM (*meeting him*). Good morning.

JIMMIE. Suffering snakes! I thought—excuse me. (*Rushes in R. 1 E. and slams door.*)

MISS JIM (*coming C.*). I wonder if I scared him.

Enter TAD from R. 3 E., dressed as a widow and singing a line or two of his song with dance.

TAD. "Dreamy, schemy, peaches-and-creamy, do-come-and-see-me-widow—" (*sees MISS JIM.*) Great Scott! (*Funny exit into R. 3 E.*)

MISS JIM. What a funny place. They pop in and out like a jack-in-the-box.

Enter JIMMIE R. 1 E., fully dressed.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). Good morning.

MISS JIM (*at C.*). Good morning. (*Pause waiting for*

JIMMIE *to speak.*) I'm Mrs. Baggsby's niece. (*Pause.*) I was just tacking that poster up. I didn't know you were in there. I certainly am sorry if I disturbed you.

JIMMIE. Well, you didn't exactly. It's time for me to be out, anyway. You see, I was up late last last night.

MISS JIM. So was I. I rode in a sleeping car. I'd never been in one before and I was kind of scared. (*Innocently.*) Did *you* ever ride in a sleeping car?

JIMMIE. Oh, yes! Several.

MISS JIM (*laughs*).

JIMMIE. Not all at once. Several times. Did you come down for the football game?

MISS JIM. Up. I'm from Carolina. I'm sure-enough cracker. My name's Channing—Jim Channing.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). Jim?

MISS JIM (*with closed lips, signifying "Yes"*). Um-um. That's what everybody calls me. My right name's Jemima. You don't blame me for wantin' folks to call me Jim, do you?

JIMMIE. I should say not. You see, my name's Jim, too.

MISS JIM (*at C.*). Sure enough?

JIMMIE. Sure enough. Jim Cavendish. So you came all the way from North Carolina to see a football game?

MISS JIM (*proudly*). South Carolina. I do hope hope you-all'll win.

JIMMIE. It's just up to us to win. We've lost for the last two Thanksgivings. Did you ever see a game?

MISS JIM. No, I've never seen much of anything, except our old plantation. Once I went to Columbia for Christmas. Me and Billy. Father took us.

JIMMIE (*close to her*). Is Billy your brother?

MISS JIM (*laughs*). No, indeedy. I see a good deal of him, though. I'm up every morning with the lark and I go for a long walk with him. I don't reckon you-all ever get up with the lark here.

JIMMIE. Oh, yes. I was up with the lark this morning.

Enter MARJORIE C., comes down L. C.

MARJORIE. Oh, I beg your pardon. That's just like me, rushing right in without knocking. Are you ready?

MISS JIM. I will be in a minute. Wait till I see Aunt Louise. (*Exit L.*)

MARJORIE (*coming up to JIMMIE*). James MacIntyre Cavendish, you have broken my heart. No later than last Tuesday night you declared by every star above your thoughts were of me alone.

JIMMIE. Yes, and Wednesday afternoon you let Professor Schmaltz make love to you three hours at the Kappa tea.

MARJORIE (*at L. C.*). You know why? I just love to watch him feed little tea cakes to himself, like dropping nickels in a collection for foreign missions.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). You girls are all crazy after him. Just because he's got a whole string of letters after his name, like an alphabet gone dotty. Just you wait till I'm a Ph.D., D.D., etc.

MARJORIE. I'm afraid I'll be too old even for a college widow by that time.

Enter MISS JIM L. with hat on.

MISS JIM. I'm all ready. Good-bye, Mr. Cavendish. I'm going to get my first sight of a college town. (*Exit MARJORIE and MISS JIM C.*)

JIMMIE. All to the sweet, all right, and she never even saw a football game.

Enter MRS. BAGGSBY L., comes down L. C.

MRS. B. Well, you're up at last, are you, Jimmie? Another 8 o'clock cut. That makes eight. I don't know what will become of you.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). I was visiting my aunt last night.

MRS. B. Jimmie Cavendish!

JIMMIE. Well, it had something to do with aunty.

MRS. B. (*at C.*). Pokèr again. You promised me the last time—

JIMMIE. Yes, I know—(*lights pipe.*)

MRS. B. Smoking, too. You deserve to lose your place on the team.

JIMMIE. Well, I'm going to quit smoking.

MRS. B. Yes?

JIMMIE. Next New Year's Day.

MRS. B. Next doomsday.

JIMMIE. No; I rather think I'll begin again on that day.

MRS. B. (*sees box and calls:*) Leviticus!

LEV. (*putting head in*). Yas'm.

MRS. B. What's that box standing there?

LEV., *entering L.*

LEV. (*at L.*) Dat's de expressage box come dis mornin' for Mr. Cavendish.

JIMMIE. A box for me?

LEV. Yas, sir. Thanksgivin'. Um-um. I hain't had nothin' to eat since de las' time.

JIMMIE (*reads on box*). "Mr. James Cavendish." That's me, all right. Listen to this: "If not delivered return to Jane Cavendish, Cavendish and Dean, Wall St., New York." From Aunt Jane or I'm a lobster. Leviticus, let's open it.

LEV. Yas, sir. (*Rushes off L.*)

JIMMIE (*banging on door R. 3 E.*). Tad, Tad, come here. Something doing in the feed line.

Enter TAD, SHORTY and BILLY as widows, R. 3 E.

JIMMIE. Gee, that's a swell bunch of females. I didn't know I was inviting ladies to my spread.

TAD. Holy smoke! Look at the size of it.

SHORTY. Enough for the whole bunch.

JIMMIE. Where's Scotch? It won't do for him to see us break training.

TAD. Oh, he won't see us. He's been in the library all morning.

Enter LEV. L. He opens the box.

JIMMIE (*calling out of the window*). Hey, Tubby Johnson, you and the bunch come on up.

VOICE (*outside*). What's doing?

JIMMIE. Come up and see. The gang's up here.

VOICE. All right.

JIMMIE. How's it coming, Leviticus?

LEV. Yas, sir. She's coming all right.

TAD. There'll be a hot time in the old town tonight.

Enter other students C.

ALL (*join hands and circle around box and sing: "There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight," or some other similar lively song.*)

LEV. Dere she is. Dere she is.

JIMMIE. Fruit cake. Oh, joy!

MRS. B. Land o' love. Here's a turkey. (*All around box.*)

LEV. And pie.

BILLY. Jelly and jam.

SHORTY. Slathers and gobs of candy. (*Taking out packages.*)

LEV. And a pair ob suspenders. (*Each has a package.*)

ALL (*sing:*)

"Here's to good Aunt Jane, drink her down,
Here's to good Aunt Jane, drink her down,
Here's to good Aunt Jane, she's an angel though she's plain,
Drink her down, drink her down, drink her down, down,
down."

JIMMIE. And here's a letter. (*Takes it from box and opens it.*) "My dear nephew—A little Thanksgiving surprise from your Aunt Jane—"

LEV. Hurray fer Aunt Jane.

JIMMIE (*reading*). "I hope you'll enjoy it and have a good time giving thanks on Thanksgiving Day."

LEV. Yes mam, we sure will.

JIMMIE (*reading*). "Remember, now; no football."

TAD. What's that?

JIMMIE (*reading*). "I thoroughly disapprove of this barbarous method of warfare. Your mother and I have your promise. Maybe I'll be down to spend the day with you, if I can get away from the office. Stocks were soaring yesterday morning, and your Aunt Jane is away ahead of the game, as usual. Truly yours, Jane Cavendish." That's just like Aunt Jane, the smartest woman on Wall Street.

ALL. Nine rahs for Aunt Jane. (*Cheers given.*)

TAD. How about that football business, Jimmie?

JIMMIE. Don't worry. Maybe I won't get a chance to play. Let's have a song, Bill.

BILLY. I don't know anything.

ALL (*throwing pillows at him*). A song, a song.

BILLY (*throwing pillows back—general pillow scuffle*). Shut up. (*They lift BILLY on the box. College song by BILLY with chorus by all. "The Heidelberg Stein Song," from "The Prince of Pilsen," or one of similar nature would be appropriate.*)

TAD (*after song*). Get your partners for a quadrille.

JIMMIE. Ma, you must open the ball with me. (*Quadrille is formed. TAD calls off the figures. All dance lively. LEV. jigs by himself. All laughing, etc.*)

When merriment is at its hight, enter SCOTCH C.

SCOTCH (*at C.*). What's going on here, anyway? Cut it out—cut it out. Pie and fruit cake. Nice training for a football team. Thanksgiving only two days off. You're a hot bunch of football players. No wonder they wiped the earth up with us for the last two years. It's a shame, a blamed shame. Babies, that's what you are. A bunch of thin-skinned babies. Break training as soon as my back is turned. We'll lose the game this year. We're sure to lose it, and if we do, it's all your fault.

JIMMIE. We *won't* lose the game. We're going to win. Do you hear? We're going to win for old Bexley. (*Name of local school may be substituted.*)

SCOTCH. Much you care for Bexley. This shows your college spirit.

TAD. He's right, boys. My share'll keep till after Thanksgiving.

JIMMIE. Scotch, it was all my fault. We were only just beginning. There has been no harm done. We give our personal promise we will keep training till after the Thanksgiving game. Then we'll have a big spread, and you shall join us as toastmaster.

LEV. I'm 'fraid all dat good stuff am gwine to spoil.

SCOTCH. That's the proper spirit, Jimmie Cavendish. Nine rahs for old Bexley. (*College yell given.*)

JIMMIE. You'll take care of the spread for us, won't you, Ma?

MRS. B. Of course I will.

BOYS (*going out C.*). We'll see you after Thanksgiving, Jimmie. (*Exit STUDENTS C., SHORTY and BILLY R. 3 E.*)

LEV. I'll keep some ob them things from spoilin' myself. Jelly and fruit cake, turkey an' suspenders. Um-um. (*Drags box off L.*)

SCOTCH. I'll help you put it away, Ma. (*Exit SCOTCH and MRS. B. L.*)

JIMMIE (*seated at table, head in hand*). I kind o' got a headache today, Tad.

TAD. Yes, I've heard of those things the day after.

JIMMIE. Why don't you take those darned togs off, Tad?

TAD. I've got to learn how to manage skirts by Thursday night.

JIMMIE. They get on my nerves.

TAD (*lighting pipe*). I should think anything would get on your nerves this morning.

JIMMIE. I feel as though I'd been run over by the street cleaner and bathed in salt brine for about six weeks. (*Earnestly.*) Tad, I ask you as a fraternity brother, what did I do last night?

TAD. Well, the last I saw of you, you were on the campus painting the founder's statue a bright green and proclaiming in a loud voice, to the accompaniment of a dinner bell, that you were the People's Party bewildering the Trusts.

JIMMIE. I hope there wasn't anything worse.

TAD. That was only the beginning. I see by the morning's paper that six plate glass windows were broken last night.

JIMMIE (*sadly*). Six? It was only three last time.

TAD. The cigar store Indian is standing on the roof of the chapel and Major Kilpepper is literally on the warpath.

JIMMIE (*weakly*). Kilpepper?

TAD. I saw him on Main Street this morning with a case of dueling pistols and fire in his eye. He was asking for you.

JIMMIE. Twenty-three for little Jimmie. I wonder what I did to him. (*Loud ring at door bell.*) Who's out there?

TAD (*peeks out of window*). Great day! It's the Major himself.

MAJOR KILPEPPER (*outside C.*). Is anyone ever going to answer this bell? (*JIMMIE and TAD rush off R. 1 E.*)

Enter LEV. L.

LEV. (*crossing and opening C. D.*). Yassir, I's comin'. What's de matter? House on fiah?

Enter PROFESSOR POPP C. and comes down L. 1 E.

POPP. We wish to see James Cavendish.

MRS. POPP *sweeps in C. and comes down R. 1 E.* LEV. C.

MRS. POPP. Yes, and be quick about it.

Enter MAJOR KILPEPPER, comes down R. C. to LEV.

MAJOR KILPEPPER. What do you mean by keeping us waiting at the door? I am Major Kilpepper.

LEV. Is you?

MAJOR (*at R. C. excitedly*). Where is he? The scorpion who has destroyed our home—the viper who has wrecked the happiness of three loving hearts? (*Pulling LEV. around to face him.*)

POPP (*at L. C. pulling LEV. around to face him*). Again I ask, where is he? Is he hiding? The villain. (*Loud.*)

MRS. P. Senacharrib!

POPP (*meekly*). Yes, my love.

MRS. P. Calm yourself. I will deal with the young villain. The young Lothario!

LEV. Dere ain't nobody libs here by dat name.

MAJOR. Silence. Send for James Cavendish.

LEV. (*frightened*). Mr. C—C—Cavendish?

POPP. This repetition is needless. Is James Cavendish in the house, or is he not?

LEV. Yassir.

MRS. P. Where is he? (*Loudly.*) Where is he?

LEV. Dat's his room over dere. (*Pointing R. 1 E. JIMMIE peeks out of door, his face is visible only to audience.*)

MAJOR (*at L. C.*). Let me get at him.

POPP (*stopping him*). Calm yourself. He shall be suspended at once.

JIMMIE. I can see my finish. (*Aside.*)

MAJOR. Suspended, sir? This is an affair of honor. My sister has been insulted. Nothing but blood will satisfy me. Do you hear, sir. *Blood!*

LEV. (*at back*). I gotter go now ca'se I *knows* it's gwine to rain. (*Exit L.*)

MRS. P. (*crosses and knocks at door R. 1 E., POPP right behind her, and MAJOR behind him*). James Cavendish, are you in that room?

JIMMIE (*to audience*). Yes, and you bet I'm going to stay in here.

POPP (*at R. C.*). You'd better come out, James.

MAJOR (*at L. C.*). Come out. (*Loudly.*) Come out like a man.

JIMMIE *steps out and stands R. 1 E. meekly with hands folded.*

JIMMIE. I thought I heard someone calling me.

POPP. James, I want you to explain—

MAJOR (*speaking simultaneously with POPP*). Sir, how dare you. I want you—

MRS. P. (*at C.*). Silence! This is *my* affair.

POPP. Yes, my lamb. (*Goes to back of stage.*)

MRS. P. (*crossing to JIMMIE*). Young man, did you kiss me last night?

JIMMIE. I beg your pardon?

MAJOR (*at R. C.*). No subterfuge. Answer, sir. Did you imprint a salutation on the lips of my sister last night?

MRS. P. And did you say, "Thus doth Marc Antony salute her snaky highness, Cleopatra of Egypt."

POPP. Don't get excited, Cleopatra.

JIMMIE. I really don't know what you mean. (*Aside.*)

A permanent place on the water wagon for me hereafter, world without end.

POPP. Cavendish, at what hour did you retire last night.

JIMMIE (*innocently*). I went to bed at 9:30. After translating twelve pages of Amicitia and working an hour on Analytics I retired at the above mentioned hour.

MRS. P. Impossible.

MAJOR. Be careful what you say. You were seen on the street after 10 o'clock.

JIMMIE. Oh, yes, sir. You see my aunt came last night. My Aunt Jane. I got a telegram from her after I'd gone to bed. I got up and went over to the station to meet her.

MRS. P. (*suspiciously*). Your aunt?

JIMMIE. Yes. Miss Jane Cavendish, Wall Street, New York.

MRS. P. (*at R. C.*). Of course she is here now. I must see her and corroborate your story.

JIMMIE (*at R.*). I awfully sorry. She has gone—

POPP (*at L. C.*). Gone? Impossible. There has no train left since last night.

MAJOR (*at L.*). I suppose she flew away. I say, young man, she flew, didn't she? (*Loudly.*)

JIMMIE. No, sir; she didn't fly. I was going to say she had gone down town.

POPP (*to MAJOR*). I fear you are too precipitous, brother-in-law. Possibly the young man is speaking the truth.

JIMMIE. That's right, sir.

MRS. P. We will investigate ourselves. Last night I was summoned to my front door by a tremendous peal of the bell. I was seized in the embrace of some ruffian and kissed. Do you understand me—*kissed!*

JIMMIE (*aside*). I *must* have been drunk.

MRS. P. My struggles were in vain. The brute escaped. This morning I found this fraternity pin in the vestibule. It has your name on it—

JIMMIE. I lost that pin two months ago.

MAJOR. You may be speaking the truth. This matter shall be thoroughly investigated. I shall see your aunt.

JIMMIE (*at R.*). Aunty came down here on purpose to see the faculty. She is thinking of endowing a chair.

POPP (*at L. C.*). Excellent. I have no doubt, my dear, but that we have made a grave mistake.

MRS. P. (*at R. C.*). That will do, Senacharrib. As I said, I will interview Miss Cavendish.

JIMMIE. So sorry she's out. In fact, I don't know whether she will return here or not.

MAJOR (*at L.*). We will find her. Which way did you say she went?

JIMMIE. Oh, she's taking a walk on the campus.

POPP (*to MRS. P.*). If you will excuse me, my violet, I will walk over that way. Possibly I shall meet her.

MRS. P. I shall stay here and talk to Mrs. Baggsby. I am sure she can give me some information. If Miss Cavendish returns I shall be here to receive her.

MAJOR. And I will go to the station. Probably she will take the noon train.

POPP (*at C.*). If you have been deceiving us, young man, instant expulsion.

MRS. P. (*at R. C.*). I shall have you arrested.

MAJOR (*at L. C.*). And I shall have personal satisfaction.

ALL THREE. Remember!

JIMMIE (*at R. 1 E.*). Deceive you? I shouldn't dream of such a thing.

ALL THREE. We shall thoroughly investigate the matter. (*Exit MAJOR and POPP C. MRS. POPP L.*)

JIMMIE (*takes C.*). Lost! Expulsion, personal satisfaction and stripes and the lockstep for little Jimmie.

Enter SHORTY R. 3 E., dressed as widow.

SHORTY. Say, Jimmie, I want you to tell me—

JIMMIE (*with a yell of exultation catches SHORTY and brings him down C.*). Aunt Jane, you're just in the nick of time.

SHORTY. What's the matter with you?

JIMMIE. You're my only chance. A prison cell is staring

me in the face. You must be my aunt. Come on. (*Dragging him R. 1 E.*)

SHORTY (*protesting*). Say, what do you think this is, a masquerade?

JIMMIE. Short, you're my only hope. Come on. (*Exit JIMMIE and SHORTY R. 1 E.*)

Enter MISS JIM, MARJORIE and MOLLIE C.

MISS JIM. That sure was a fine ride. I don't believe I ever saw so many men before in all my life. (*Down R.*)

MARJORIE (*coming down C.*). Wait till I take you to chapel.

Enter MRS. BAGGSBY L.

MRS. B. (*down L.*). Girls, Jimmie Cavendish is in an awful fix. He's going to be expelled, arrested and shot through the heart by Major Kilpepper. Mrs. Popp told me all about it.

MOLLIE (*at L. C.*). What on earth has he been doing?

MRS. B. (*dramatically*). He kissed Cleopatra.

MARJORIE (*laughs*). I think that's punishment enough.

MRS. B. He'll be expelled sure. I've got to hunt him an aunt. He swore up and down to Mrs. Popp and Major Kilpepper he spent last evening with his Aunt Jane. She's Miss Cavendish from Wall Street, New York, always dresses in black and wears smoked glasses. Mrs. Popp's in my room now waiting to see her. (*To MARJORIE.*) Can't you fix up and pretend you're his aunt for a few minutes? It will help him so much.

MARJORIE. Lovely. Anything for a lark. Get me a black dress and we'll have a regular comic opera.

MRS. B. I'll get you one of my dresses. (*MRS. B. exits L. and returns immediately with black skirt, shawl and widow's bonnet. The girls help MARJORIE put them on. MRS. B. produces a pair of smoked glasses. MARJORIE puts them on.*)

MARJORIE (*impersonating*). How do you do, my children. I'm Jimmie's Aunt Jane from Wall Street, (*All laugh. Exit MRS. B. with MARJORIE L., followed by MISS JIM and MOLLIE.*)

Enter JIMMIE and SHORTY R. 1 E.

JIMMIE. You're a nice sort of a frat. brother, you are. Be a good fellow and get me out of this scrape.

SHORTY. Yes, and land in prison. I have some slight acquaintance with Major Kilpepper and the fair Cleopatra. Besides they'd tumble to the racket in a minute. Think of something else. (*Exit R. 3 E.*)

JIMMIE (*at C.*). The last straw busted. An aunt, an aunt, my kingdom for an aunt.

Enter TAD R. 3 E. partially dressed as a widow.

JIMMIE. You'll do.

TAD (*at L. C.*). Do what?

JIMMIE. I got into some trouble last night with the Pops. They suspect me but are not sure. I swore my aunt came down to visit me and I was with her. They say, produce the aunt. Now *you* must be the aunt.

TAD. And have the peppery major drill a hole through my lung. Never-r-r!

JIMMIE. It's only for an hour. She's supposed to leave this afternoon. Tad, you're my last hope. Auntie always dresses in black and wears smoked goggles. Be good, Tad, and help me out.

TAD. It might help me rehearse my part in the play.

LEV. *runs on L.*

LEV. Mr. Jimmie, de majah's a comin' up de walk wif murder in his eye. (*Exit LEV. L.*)

JIMMIE. It's up to you, Tad Cheseldine. (*Drags TAD off R. 1 E.*)

Enter SHORTY R. 3 E., full widow costume, smoked glasses, etc.

SHORTY. It don't seem right to let Jimmie get into this awful scrape. I'll help him out if I can. (*Loud ring at door C.*) Great Moses! It's the major. Now for Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

Enter MAJOR KILPEPPER C.

MAJOR. Trying to keep me out there all day? Where is that boy? I don't believe a word of his cock-and-bull story. (*Sees SHORTY.*) Oh, I beg your pardon. How do you do?

SHORTY (*down R. simpering*). Are you addressing your remarks to me, sir?

MAJOR (*at C.*). Yes, madam. I am Major Kilpepper. You, I infer, are Miss Cavendish.

SHORTY. You infer entirely too much. How dare you try to flirt with me? (*MAJOR surprised.*) We haven't even been introduced.

MAJOR. Your nephew James is a friend of mine and I had hoped—

SHORTY. A friend of Jimmie's? Then I *know* you must be strictly proper. My nephew is a model young man. Almost too good, I sometimes fancy. (*SHORTY looks at MAJOR sentimentally.*)

MAJOR. Is this your first visit to the college?

SHORTY. Yes, I just arrived last night.

MAJOR. I was just contemplating a stroll on the campus. Would you like to accompany me and get a glimpse of our classic little village? Then I'll show you the monkeys in our museum.

SHORTY. Charmed. I just love monkeys. I'm a little wee bit afraid of them generally, but I'm sure I can trust myself with you. (*SHORTY takes MAJOR's arm and they stroll off C.*)

Enter JIMMIE and TAD R. 1 E.

JIMMIE. Now all you got to do is to string the old boy a while and then disappear. Remember you're my Aunt Jane, a millionairess from Wall Street.

TAD (*down R.*). Oh, I'll get on like a house on fire.

Enter MRS. B. L., meets JIMMIE C.

MRS. B. (*not seeing TAD*). Jimmie, everything is all right.

JIMMIE (*dragging TAD over to her*). Mrs. Baggsby, let me introduce my Aunt Jane from New York.

MRS. B. (*astonished*). But, Jimmie, I—

TAD (*kissing her*). I'm tickled to death to see you. (*Bell rings.*)

Enter POPP C. Lively music till curtain.

POPP (*at C.*). Ah, Mrs. Baggsby, how do you do?

MRS. B. (*down L.*). How-de do. This is Miss C—C—Cavendish. She came down from New York last night to visit her nephew.

JIMMIE (*at R. aside*). Lovely! (*Pushes TAD toward POPP.*)

POPP. Delighted, I'm sure.

TAD (*at R. C. after an embarrassed short pause*). Where did you get that vest?

Enter MRS. POPP, MISS JIM and MOLLIE L.

MRS. P. (*meeting POPP L. C.*). Oh, my dear, you here?

POPP. Yes, my lamb. I've just met Miss Cavendish. Miss Cavendish, this is my wife. (*MRS. B. down L., MISS JIM and MOLLIE up L. C., MRS. POPP down L. C., POPP C., TAD R. C., JIMMIE R.*)

MRS. P. Impossible. I just left Miss Cavendish in there.

JIMMIE. There must be a mistake.

TAD (*to MRS. POPP*). Possibly you see double.

JIMMIE. This is my Aunt Jane. (*Pointing to TAD.*)

Enter MARJORIE L., comes down L. of MRS. P.

MRS. P. (*L. C. dramatically*). Then who is this?

JIMMIE (*at R.*). This—why—this—is my Aunt Clementine.

ALL. Clementine.

TAD (*goes to MARJORIE*). Of course. This is my sister Clementine. (*Kisses her.*)

Enter MAJOR C. with SHORTY on his arm. MAJOR comes down R. SHORTY comes down C. and stands on the left of MARJORIE, TAD on her right.

MRS. B. (*seeing SHORTY*). Ah! (*Screams and faints in POPP's arms.*)

MRS. P. For goodness sakes, who is this?

JIMMIE (*wildly*). This! This is my Aunt Susannah. "The whole damn family." (LEV. *appears R. 3 E.*, JIMMIE *R. 1 E.*, MAJOR R. C. MARJORIE *in C. with TAD on her right and SHORTY on her left.* MRS. P. L. C. MOLLIE and MISS JIM *at back L. C.* POPP *supporting MRS. B. extreme L.*)

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT II.

SCENE: *A faculty dinner party. Sitting-room at PROF. POPP'S residence. Well furnished. Chairs and palms around room. Settee R. 1 E. Small table with punch bowl on it at rear R., C. D. entrance with portieres. Entrances R. and L. Lights all on. Waltz music to take up curtain. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise enter MRS. POPP R.

MRS. P. Well, everything is all right in there. I hope Mr. (*insert local name*) won't ask for a second helping of iced asparagus. There is barely enough to go round now. Faculty people *do* have such dreadful appetites. I must speak to Leviticus about it when he comes.

Enter MAJOR KILPEPPER L.

MAJOR. The Dwights (*insert local name*) just called up and said they were sorry, but they couldn't possibly come. The baby has the hiccoughs or malaria or something.

MRS. P. (*at C.*). How provoking. Did you hear from Dr. Gilchrist?

MAJOR (*at L. C.*). Oh, yes; they'll be here all right.

MRS. P. And the Schlaubers?

MAJOR. Yes, indeed. Never catch them missing a free feed.

MRS. P. Don't be vulgar, Telemachus.

MAJOR. When I heard the Dwights couldn't come I invited Lieutenant Small. He gets few enough invitations to dinner anywhere.

MRS. P. I've been thinking of Miss Cavendish. Wouldn't it be glorious if she endowed a chair of military science?

MAJOR. I wish she'd endow me.

MRS. P. An excellent idea. Be sure and show her marked attention tonight. These old maids always like a man to come to the point at once. She's worth nearly two million, brother. Think what that would mean to you.

MAJOR. I *have* thought.

MRS. P. Well, there's nothing like trying your luck. (*Cross to R. C.*)

MAJOR. By Jove, I'll do it. Are you sure she is coming?

MRS. P. (*at R. C.*). Certainly. Mr. Cavendish called up and said his Aunt Jane would be delighted to accept, but the Misses Clementine and Susannah were forced to send their regrets. They returned to the city this afternoon.

MAJOR. Strange no one ever heard of *them* before.

MRS. P. Well, you see, Jane's the one who has the money.

POPP (*without L.*). Cleopatra, my love.

Enter POPP L. He comes down L. C. to MRS. POPP.

MRS. P. (*at R. C.*). Well, what is it, Senacharrib?

POPP (*at L. C.*). I've been looking for you every place. I want some one to tie my tie.

MRS. P. (*ties his tie*). There, now you look presentable. Goodness, Senacharrib, you've an ink spot on your nose. Come with me. I must take it off before the guests arrive. (*To MAJOR.*) Brother, it wouldn't be a bad idea for you to propose to Miss Cavendish tonight. (*Exit C.*)

MAJOR (*crossing to R.*). I've been refused by every girl in town now.

POPP (*excitedly*). Knock on wood, knock on wood. Your luck's liable to change. You might be accepted.

MAJOR (*at R.*). Do you remember the day you were married, Popp?

POPP (*at C.*). Remember it, brother-in-law? It's printed indelibly on my memory. I walked under a ladder and saw two black cats on my way to the church. (*Sadly.*) And it took place on Friday, the thirteenth.

MRS. P. (*without C.*). Senacharrib!

POPP. Yes, my lamb. (*Exit POPP C.*)

MAJOR. Well, Telemachus, my boy, tonight's the night. Spur up. Faint heart never won fair bride. (*Goes to stand and takes a glass of punch.*) Lemonade, bah! (*Takes whisky flask from hip pocket and pours liberal drink in punch glass.*) When one is on the faculty some things must be done sub rosa. (*Drinks.*)

Enter MRS. BAGGSBY in red evening gown and opera cloak.

MRS. B. (*coming down L.*). Good evening, Major.

MAJOR. (*choking*). I was just taking my cough medicine.

MRS. B. (*down L. C.*). You must have a dreadful cold.

MAJOR. Terrific. How charming you are looking this evening.

MRS. B. (*simpering*). Oh, thank you. This is the latest creation and I always *did* look well in red, as poor dear Mr. Busby used to say. Mr. Busby was my first, you know.

MAJOR. My sister will be down in a minute.

MRS. B. I came a little early. Mrs. Popp wanted some of my punch glasses and Leviticus.

Enter Miss JIM C. D.

MAJOR (*at R. C.*). Good evening, Miss Channing.

MISS JIM (*at C.*). Howdy, Major.

MRS. B. (*down L.*). Where's Leviticus, Jim?

MISS JIM. He's bringing the glasses, auntie.

Enter LEV. C. with basket of punch glasses.

LEV. Yas'm, here I is.

MRS. B. Can you show me where to put the things, major?

MAJOR. Come into the dining-room. (*Holds door R. 1 E. open. Exit MRS. B., followed by LEV. and MAJOR R. 1 E.*)

MISS JIM. I'll wait here till aunt comes back.

Enter JIMMIE C.

JIMMIE. Howdy, Miss Jim.

MISS JIM. Why, Mr. Cavendish. (*They shake hands and come C.*) I'm kind o' surprised to see you here so early.

JIMMIE. I knew that you and Ma were coming early and I wanted to have a talk with you before the crush arrived.

MISS JIM. Why, Mr. Cavendish, that's the way daddy talks when I've done something or something's gone wrong.

JIMMIE. Something *has* gone wrong.

MISS JIM (*alarmed*). Oh.

JIMMIE. With me, I mean. No, something has been going wrong, but since I first met you it's going right. (*Song introduced by JIMMIE. "Since I First Met You," from "The Sultan of Sulu," or one of similar nature would be appropriate.*)

MISS JIM. You've only known me two days. It was yesterday morning I woke you up.

JIMMIE (*trying to take her hand*). Do you know, little girl, I've been thinking about you every minute since that time.

MISS JIM (*crossing to other side of stage*). You no'thern men are so precipitous.

JIMMIE (*following her*). I hear nothing all day but a sweet Carolina accent, see nothing but a pair of hazel eyes, dream of nothing—

MISS JIM. Mr. Cavendish, where's Aunt Jane?

JIMMIE. I left Aunt Jane shaving himself.

MISS JIM (*laughs*). You-all'd better take heed. My Aunt Louise says you'll sure be expelled if you're discovered.

JIMMIE. We'll be careful all right. I don't want to be expelled. I graduate this year and then—

MISS JIM (*softly*). And then?

JIMMIE. Then I think I'll take a little vacation down to Carolina for my health, if you'll let me.

MISS JIM. Daddy'll sure be glad to see you.

JIMMIE. Daddy? Is that all?

MISS JIM. I know Billy will.

JIMMIE. How about you?

MISS JIM. Of course I will. I'll take you over the whole plantation and we'll have a regular, sure-enough fox hunt.

JIMMIE. Great. You take me to my first fox hunt and I'll take you to your first football game tomorrow.

MISS JIM. Yes, and my first play afterwards.

JIMMIE. Aunt Jane is to be one of the star performers.

MISS JIM. Won't that give the whole scheme away?

JIMMIE. No. Aunt Jane is supposed to leave for New York on the midnight train.

MISS JIM. I thought she was going to chaperone us at the football game tomorrow.

JIMMIE. She will, if you want her. Tad'll make a fine old chaperone. Remember, I'm to have the first dance after the play to-morrow night.

MISS JIM. I don't know. I've been hearing some mighty bad things about you. Aunt Louise has been warning me against all college men in general, and you in particular.

JIMMIE. That's lovely of Aunt Louise.

MISS JIM. She says you've flirted with every girl in town.

JIMMIE. True. Now my flirting days are over.

MISS JIM. Are you sure?

JIMMIE. Surer 'n shootin'.

MISS JIM. I might have fallen in love with you. I've been shivering at my narrow escape. Poor little Red Riding Hood with such a nice eat-'em-alive wolf. I've promised and crossed my heart not to like you too much.

JIMMIE. Don't you like wolves?

MISS JIM. Sometimes, when they're real nice and tame.

JIMMIE. I'd eat right out of your hand.

MISS JIM. That's what Billy does.

JIMMIE. Say, who is Billy?

MISS JIM. My best friend.

JIMMIE. Why, I thought—that is, I hoped—. Say, Red Riding Hood?

MISS JIM. Say, Mr. Wolf?

JIMMIE. Who is Billy?

MISS JIM. My pet St. Bernard. *(They laugh.)*

Enter MAJOR and MRS. BAGGSBY R. JIMMIE and MISS JIM talking L. C. do not see them.

MRS. B. (*coming C.*). Jim.

JIMMIE and MISS JIM. Yes, ma'am.

MRS. B. I was addressing my niece. (MRS. B. and MISS JIM go R. 1 E.)

MAJOR (*crossing to JIMMIE*). I suppose your charming aunt is coming.

JIMMIE (L. 1 E. with MAJOR). Oh, yes, my charming aunt will be here all right.

Enter POPP and MRS. POPP C.

MRS. P. Good evening, Mrs. Baggsby. (*Shakes hands with her and then goes to MISS JIM R. 1 E.*)
Miss Channing.

POPP (*shaking hands with MRS. B. R. C.*). Ah, Mrs. Busby, you look like a blooming, blushing rose this evening.

MRS. P. That will do, Popp.

POPP. Yes, my angel.

Enter LEV. C.

LEV. (*announcing*). Dr. Twiggs, Mrs. Twiggs and Miss Twiggs.

(POPP and MRS. P. stand R. of center door to welcome guests. MAJOR joins them and stands in line. MRS. B. back of punch bowl. JIMMIE crosses stage and sits on settee with MISS JIM at R. 1 E.)

Enter DR. and MRS. TWIGGS. He is a mild-mannered old gentleman with white hair and eyeglasses. His wife is also white-haired and inclined to be stout. Enter MISS TWIGGS, a gushing miss of thirty-five. They go down the line and then go L. 1 E.

MRS. TWIGGS (L. 1 E.). I do hope we'll be able to get home right after supper. I'm so sleepy now I can hardly hold my eyes open.

DR. TWIGGS. Our departure must not be with unseemly celerity, mother.

MRS. T. Not unseemly, but as soon as we can with propriety.

MISS TWIGGS (*crossing R. and speaking to JIMMIE*). Why, howdy do, Mr. Cavendish. It's been an age since I saw you.

JIMMIE (*introducing*). Miss Twiggs, Miss Channing.

MISS T. Howdy do. (*To JIMMIE*.) None of you boys ever come to see me any more. Things used to be quite different when I was in college.

JIMMIE. Never can get a date. The young profs. beat our time.

MISS T. (*giggling delightedly*). Oh, Mr. Cavendish.

LEV. (*announces*). President and Mrs. Gilchrist.

MISS T. I'm just dying to see your aunt. I've never set eyes on a real live millionaire.

JIMMIE. Aunt Jane is worth seeing.

PRESIDENT and MRS. GILCHRIST *have entered and gone down the line.*

DR. T. (*as PRESIDENT and MRS. GILCHRIST join DR. and MRS. TWIGGS*). Good evening, Doctor. I've been reading your article in the Review. Powerful, sir. Powerful. (*To MRS. TWIGGS*.) It's that interesting paper on "The Longitudinal Vibrations of a Rubber String," mother.

MRS. T. I enjoyed it so much. The Doctor read it to the family after supper last night.

MISS T. (*to MISS JIM*). How do you like our classic little village?

MISS JIM. I think it's mighty nice.

LEV. (*announcing*). Herr Professor Schlauber, Mrs. Schlauber, Miss Schlauber.

Enter PROFESSOR SCHLAUBER, MRS. SCHLAUBER and MISS SCHLAUBER. They go down the receiving line, speak to the GILCHRISTS and TWIGGS and then go to the punch bowl and talk to MRS. BAGGSBY.

PROFESSOR SCHLAUBER (*loudly*). Goot efening, eferybody.

MRS. T. (*to MRS. GILCHRIST*). I've been having the aw-

fullest time trying to get a girl. The twins are both sick and Ellen's got the grip.

MISS T. (*to JIMMIE*). Are you interested in the occult? I just dote on palmistry. You must let me read your palm, Mr. Cavendish.

JIMMIE. The last time you read it you told me I didn't have a life line.

MISS T. You must let me try again.

(*There should be pantomime conversation in each group to make scene appear natural and to relieve the strain of so many people being on the stage at once.*)

LEV. (*announces*). Lieutenant Small, Professor Schmaltz, Dr. Dorchester, Miss Haviland.

MISS T. That's Marjorie Haviland. I just detest her. We haven't spoken for two years.

Enter MARJORIE and the three Professors. They go down the line and then form a group L. C.

MISS T. I'm sure I can't see what the men see in her.

MRS. T. (*to MRS. GILCHRIST*). I do hope they'll announce dinner soon. I'm getting so sleepy.

DR. T. Miss Cavendish isn't here yet.

MRS. T. Folks say she's worth a million.

DR. T. Nearly two million, mother.

MRS. T. I wonder if she is going to endow a chair.

MAJOR (*coming down L.*). We have hopes, Mrs. Twiggs; we have hopes.

DR. T. How did she accumulate such a fortune, Major?

MAJOR. She made it all herself. She's on Wall Street and knows the stock market from A to Z.

MRS. T. I hope you will be able to interest her in the needs of our college.

MARJORIE (*coming across to MISS JIM and JIMMIE. MISS TWIGGS strolls across stage and joins the group down L.*). You look like an angel tonight, Miss Channing. Howdy, Jimmie. (*MARJORIE introduces her escorts to MISS JIM in pantomime.*)

MRS. B. (*to* MRS. SCHLAUBER). I feel quite important. This is the first time I ever was invited to a faculty dinner party. Ain't that a beautiful dress Mrs. Gilchrist has on? I wonder if she got it here?

LEV. (*announces other guests to suit the number of performers*).

POPP (*meeting* PRESIDENT GILCHRIST C.). I never would have been able to take that trip abroad if it weren't for the royalties on my book. I just manage to pull through as it is.

MARJORIE. I wonder what's keeping Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

JIMMIE. I think Aunt Jane must be primping. (MARJORIE and MISS JIM *laugh*.)

(*The College Serenaders are heard outside C. Conversation ceases. All listen to music. Any college serenade may be sung with or without mandolin and guitar accompaniment.*)

POPP (*aside to* MRS. POPP). It's the Glee Club. We'd better ask them in and offer them some refreshment.

MRS. P. Nothing of the sort. The faculty have enormous appetites. I'm afraid we'll have to skimp now.

LEV. (*after song, announces*;) Mr. Long. Miss Jane Cavd-
dish.

There is a buzz of excitement. All look toward center door. After a slight pause enter SHORTY *with* TAD *on his arm.*

MRS. P. (*meeting* TAD). My dear Miss Cavendish.

MAJOR (*beaming on her*). At last.

POPP. So glad you have come.

MRS. T. (*to* DR. TWIGGS). Now we'll get dinner. I couldn't have kept my eyes open five minutes longer.

TAD (*at* C.). You must excuse my being a little late, Mrs. Popp. I had such a time deciding whether I would wear my customary black or a new canary color satin which has just arrived.

JIMMIE (*at* R.). She'd look like a bird in canary-colored satin.

TAD. I sent it back. It didn't harmonize with my marcel. Why, howdy do, Major. You look quite auspicious in your war paint.

MAJOR. Charmed, my dear Miss Cavendish.

MRS. P. (*leading TAD down to PRESIDENT GILCHRIST*). Miss Cavendish, let me present the President.

TAD. Howdy do, Prexy. Isn't this a beamish evening?

JIMMIE. I believe my Aunt Jane is skeed.

MRS. P. (*introducing one of the bachelor profs.*). The chair of mathematics.

TAD. I just dote on chairs.

MRS. P. (*introducing another*). And this, this is the professor of French, Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, Corsican, Moorish and Hebrew.

TAD. Sprechen Sie Deutsch? Oh, I beg pardon. My Spanish is growing a little rusty.

POPP (*to MRS. BAGGSBY*). What a conversationalist Miss Cavendish is. Such persiflage.

MRS. B. Yes, I noticed it. A regular—(*name a local "gabber"*).

POPP. I do hope she'll endow a chair for us.

MRS. B. A chair? She's got money enough to endow a whole parlor set, if she wants to.

MRS. P. Senacharrib!

POPP. Yes, petty. (*Crosses to her.*)

MISS T. (*at R. to SHORTY*). Have you ever had your palm read, Mr. Long?

SHORTY. Oh, yes. Three babes and a pair of wives for mine. Full house.

MISS T. I just dote on palmistry. In fact, I adore anything that is occult.

MRS. P. (*to TAD*). Oh, yes, Miss Cavendish. I belong to the Daughters of the Revolution. My grandfather's father fell at Bunker Hill.

TAD (*politely*). Was it ice or a banana skin?

LEV. (*stepping inside L.*). Dinner is served.

(LEV. *holds door open. The company pair off and go in to dinner, laughing and talking. POPP lead sthe way escorting TAD and PRESIDENT GILCHRIST and MRS. POPP enter last. All exit L. Short college song sung by serenaders off stage C.*)

Enter BILLY C. with two STUDENTS, cautiously.

BILLY. Well, what do you know about that? They've all gone into dinner and not even a hand-out to the village choir. (*Tastes punch.*) Lemonade! I'll make 'em some punch as is punch. (*Takes whisky flask from pocket and pours contents into the punch bowl.*) Now for a little premature Fourth of July celebration. (*Takes large fake firecracker from pocket and places it in C. of stage, lights fuse. Crosses to door at C. BILLY fires revolver. Exit boys C. Screams heard in the dining-room L. All the guests rush in frightened and form a group at L, not seeing firecracker.*)

ALL. What's the matter? My gracious! Somebody's killed I know.

POPP. Perhaps the chemistry building has exploded.

MRS. P. (*seeing firecracker*). Mercy sakes. Look there.

MRS. T. I wish I were at home.

TAD. You and me both.

POPP. It's only a firecracker.

MRS. P. Don't you dare to touch it.

JIMMIE (*pulling out the fuse*). April fool.

MRS. B. Them students ought to be arrested.

MRS. P. Dr. Gilchrist, I hope you will investigate this matter.

MAJOR. No harm done. (*All return to dining-room except MAJOR. TAD is going last when MAJOR intercepts him and brings him down C. Sentimentally.*) I beg your pardon, my dear Miss Cavendish, but may I speak to you for a moment?

TAD. I'm powerful hungry and I'd just started on an oyster cocktail, but I *do* love to hear you speak.

MAJOR. Miss Cavendish—I might say my dear Miss Cavendish—

TAD (*giggles*). Oh, Major.

MAJOR. I have a friend—a friend who is smitten—smitten—

TAD. Who smit him?

MAJOR. You are the object of his adoration. He fears to speak to you, for you possess millions, while he, alas, is poor.

TAD (*sits on sofa, makes room for MAJOR*). Tell me, pretty Major, is your friend a military man?

MAJOR. He is, he is.

TAD (*gushing*). I just dote on the military.

MAJOR. Then I may hope? Miss Cavendish—Jane—I love you.

TAD. This is so sudden. (*Bashful business, peeking at MAJOR over fan.*)

MAJOR. 'Tis true. I am the hero of my romance, you the heroine. Why should we not dally down life's path together?

TAD. To tell the truth, I am rather tired of dallying by myself.

MAJOR. Do you think you could learn to care for me a little—(*hesitates*) dearie?

TAD. Well, I've had the measles.

MAJOR (*taking TAD's hand*). My whole life will be devoted to you. Say yes, my darling. Say one little word and consent to be Mrs. Major Kilpepper. (*Arm around TAD.*)

TAD. Stop your tickling me. Have you ever been in love before?

MAJOR. Never. Why?

TAD. You talk like a veteran.

MAJOR. You are my first, my only love.

TAD. Your first love, and you on the faculty? Fie, fie.

MAJOR. Now one kiss upon those ruby tulips.

TAD. Never. Oh, Major, I feel faint—I—(*faints*).

MAJOR (*rushing to L. 1 E.*). Help! Help!

(*Guests all rush in from dining-room.*)

MRS. B. For goodness sakes, what's the matter?

ALL. What is it? What has happened?

MAJOR. She fainted.

JIMMIE (*mock heroics*). Say not so. (*Kneels by TAD.*)
Aunty, speak to me. Don't you know me? Great heavens!
She's dead!

MRS. B. She's fainted. Get some water.

MRS. P. Here's my smelling salts. (*Ladies all around TAD.*)

JIMMIE. Get an ax.

TAD (*recovering*). Where am I? Oh, I remember. I've quite recovered now. Get me a glass of whisky. I'm thirsty.

ALL. Whisky?

POPP. You'd better take milk. That's good for the blood.

TAD. I'm not bloodthirsty.

MAJOR (*producing flask*). Here, take some of this.

TAD. Why, Major, where did you get this?

MAJOR. That's cough syrup.

TAD. I believe I've got a cough. (*Drinks all the liquor.*)

MRS. P. Do you feel better now?

TAD. Yes, thank you. I've quite recovered. So stupid of me.

MRS. P. Don't mention it. (*All exit into dining-room L.*)

MRS. B. (*as she exits*). Such an exciting dinner party!

POPP (*alone on stage*). I don't know when I've been so upset. (*Takes a drink of punch.*) What peculiar punch. Some new recipe of Cleopatra's. I believe I like it. (*Drinks two glasses quickly.*) It's quite exhilarating. (*Keeps on drinking.*)

Enter JIMMIE L. and crosses down R.

JIMMIE. No more faculty dinners for me. Not even for the sake of Aunt Jane. The thing's working like a charm. They don't even suspect. Nobody knows but Marjorie and Jim. "Jim." What a cute name for a girl. Candy little girl, too. Such soulful eyes! Bright and clever as she is pretty. "You no'thern men are so precipitous." I wonder if she's ever been engaged.

POPP. Are you enjoying yourself, James?

JIMMIE. Hello, Professor. I didn't know you were there. I'm having the time of my life.

POPP. So am I. Have some punch, James. It's delicious. (*Drinks.*)

JIMMIE. I'm not thirsty. Professor, I want to send a friend of mine a wedding present. What would you suggest? It's for Dicky Jarvis. He's to be married Tuesday.

POPP. Ish Dicky to be married? Poor Dicky. Send him a copy of Dante's *Inferno* or Milton's *Paradise Lost*.

JIMMIE. You don't seem to think very well of the married state. I've been thinking seriously about matrimony myself since I met Ji—I mean for a day or two.

POPP (*drinks*). Jimmie, my boy, don't you do it.

JIMMIE. Oh, a man might be worse off than married.

POPP. Well, he might be dead.

JIMMIE. You are married.

POPP (*drinks*). Jamesh, my boy, I thought Cleopatra was my affinity. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy.

JIMMIE. Well, you've got mine.

POPP. Ever since the day I got the license I've been leading a dog's life.

JIMMIE. Maybe you got a dog's license instead of a marriage license.

POPP. Jamesh, you'd better try some of this punch. It's delicious.

JIMMIE (*tastes it*). Why, Professor, this punch is nipped.

POPP. I wonder if my wife suspects it. (*Hands JIMMIE a cigar.*) You smoke, don't you?

JIMMIE (*looks at it suspiciously*). Sometimes.

POPP. Try that. (*Proudly.*) That is something like a cigar.

JIMMIE (*smoking*). Yes, this is something like a cigar. What is it?

MRS. P. (*off L.*). Senacharrib!

POPP. There's the fair Cleopatra. Do you know I don't feel as I usually do when she calls me. I feel more like a man.

JIMMIE. You feel great. (*Slaps him on back.*) You are a man. Now is the time to assert yourself. Have some more punch and then lay down the law to your wife.

POPP (*drinks*). I believe I'll do it.

JIMMIE (*crosses to R. 1 E.*). Remember, you are a man. Assert yourself. (*Exit JIMMIE R. 1 E.*)

MRS. P. (*off L.*). Senacharrib, where on earth are you?

POPP (*gathering courage*). Wait; just wait!

Enter MRS. POPP *L.*

MRS. P. Oh, here you are. Do you know you are disgracing us by this prolonged absence from the dinner? What ails you?

POPP. Madam, don't talk to me in that tone.

MRS. P. Senacharrib Popp, how dare you?

POPP. How dare I? I'll show you how I dare. You seem to forget that *I* am master of this house. Do you understand me? *Master!*

MRS. P. (*grasping his arm*). Come into the dining-room at once.

POPP (*shaking off her arm*). Cleopatra, away! (*Proudly.*) *Am I asserting myself?*

MRS. P. What does this mean?

POPP. It means that I am asserting myself. Have some punch.

MRS. P. You've been drinking.

POPP. I do not deny the allegation.

MRS. P. (*tearfully*). To think it has come to this.

POPP. It is time it *did* come to this. I must assert my authority.

MRS. P. You only married me for my money.

POPP. Well, I couldn't get it any other way, could I?

MRS. P. (*tearfully*). Everything you have you owe to me. Where would you be now if it were not for that money?

POPP (*straightening up*). Single and happy.

MRS. P. Brute. You don't know what it is to love a woman.

POPP. Oh, yes, I do. I idolized a woman once. (*Sadly.*) But she married—

MRS. P. Whom did she marry?

POPP. Me.

MRS. P. I married you because I felt sorry for you.

POPP. Well, you started an endless chain. Every one feels sorry for me now.

Enter LEV. *L.*

LEV. Mis' Popp, dat yeller nigger waiter done upsot a dish ob ice cream down Miss Twiggs' neck. (*Exit* LEV. *L.*)

MRS. P. Come back to the dining-room. I'll settle with you later.

POPP. Say "please."

MRS. P. (*taking him by the ear and leading him off L.*) I'll "please" you. (*Exit POPP and MRS. POPP L.*)

Door bell rings. No answer. Enter MISS CAVENDISH.

MISS CAVENDISH. What a peculiar circumstance. No one to let me in. I arrived on the evening train to see my nephew James. Somehow I could not locate him. I registered at the hotel and the clerk informed me that Dr. Popp was giving a reception in my honor tonight. They must have got wind I was coming from New York. I am sure this is Dr. Popp's house. (*Looks around.*) And there is evidently a dinner party on. I wonder if I have made a mistake. Probably I can find one of the servants. (*Exit R. 1 E.*)

Enter TAD L.

TAD. I'll kill that Major. He does nothing but squeeze my hand and murmur "Jane." This disguise is getting too exciting for little Willie. I think I'll go home. A dinner party and a proposal in one evening is too much excitement for Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

TAD starts R. and meets MISS CAVENDISH, who enters R. They meet in C. and stare at one another.

TAD. This must be the lady in question. I can see my finish.

MISS C. How do you do. I'm Miss Cavendish.

TAD. Pleasure's all mine.

MISS C. I'm looking for Mrs. Popp. I believe she's entertaining for me this evening. (*Pause.*) She's expecting me, isn't she?

TAD. Oh, yes, she's been expecting you for some time.

MISS C. Is it possible. Could you find her for me? You are—

TAD. That's me. (*Pause.*) I'm her. I'm Mrs. Popp.

MISS C. This is quite an adventure.

TAD. Quite. But as a matter of fact, Miss Cavendish, the dinner has been postponed. Jimmie's sick, you know.

MISS C. My nephew ill?

TAD. Yes, it's an awful case. He keeps calling for you all the time.

MISS C. I shall go at once.

TAD (*hurrying her off C.*). He lives at the Baggsby house. Take the car with the blue light. So sorry you can't stay. Be sure and come and see me again. Give my love to Jimmie, I do hope he'll be better tomorrow.

MISS C. (*bewildered*). But—but—(*suddenly*) Good night. (*Exit C. MISS C.*)

TAD (*sinks in chair C.*). That's the last straw. I can see my finish now. Well, I'm going to get out of this. (*Takes off dark skirt, white duck trousers underneath. Holds up skirt.*) Fare thee well, Jimmie's Aunt Jane! (*Lively music.*)

Enter SHORTY and JIMMIE L. 3 E.

JIMMIE. Say, what's the matter with you?

TAD. She's come. I'm going home.

SHORTY. The folks are coming. Put on that skirt.

TAD. I'm going home. (*Rushes out C. D.*)

JIMMIE. Bring him back. (*JIMMIE and SHORTY exit C. after TAD.*)

GUESTS all enter L.

ALL. What a delightful dinner. Never had a better time.

Enter TAD R. with skirt in arms. He rushes madly across stage, pursued by JIMMIE and SHORTY. They run out L.

LADIES (*all scream*).

JIMMIE and SHORTY rush in from L. TAD is held by SHORTY. JIMMIE rushes to back, tears down a curtain from C. D. and throws it around TAD.

JIMMIE. Excuse us, but Auntie's not feeling well.

QUICK CURTAIN.

ACT III.

SCENE: *The football game. Grounds overlooking the football field. Exterior Scene with wood drop and wings. Bench L. C. Stump R. Set cottage at R. for training quarters. (This is not essential.) Entrances R. 1 E. through door of cottage, R. 3 E. and L. Entire company grouped off L. with megaphones, tin horns, etc. See Scene Plot for stage setting.*

At rise yells are heard off L. as at an exciting football game.

Enter LEV. from house R. 1 E. with bucket of water.

LEV. I 'clare to goodness I's done carried so much water out on dat football field I'm black in de face. Dat's de trouble with dem boys ob ours. Deys drinkin' too much water. No wonder de game's goin' agin us. 5 to 0, an' de first half nearly over. It's somethin' scandalous. I'll bet a chew to-baccar der's a Jonah-man lingerin' somewhar 'round here. Dat's what's de matter. Our team is jonahed. Dey sure is.

VOICE (*off L.*). Water boy!

LEV. Yas sir, I'm a-comin'. Hyah I is. (*Exit L.*)

Enter TAD R. 3 E. dressed as widow.

TAD. Rotten! Rotten! We're playing too low. Easy money for those lobsters. They're slugging like thunder, too. Gee, I wish I was out there. I feel like a fool in this dress. Look like one, too. But I promised to help Jimmie through and I'm going to do it. I lost the Major somewhere in the shuffle. (*Takes out pipe.*) Well, it's me for the good old weed.

Enter LEV. with empty pail L.

LEV. More water. Jes' keep me workin' all de time. Never get a chance to see de game.

TAD (*at L. C.*). Leviticus!

LEV. (*at C.*). Ma'am? 'Scuse me, lady. Does you-all know me?

TAD. Sure, Mike. Say, you ain't got a little smoking tobacco lying around loose anywhere, have you?

LEV. Fo' de good land sakes. (*Producing bag of tobacco.*) Yas'm, hyah it is.

TAD (*fills pipe*). Now a match.

LEV. Fo' de good land sakes. (*Strikes match. TAD lights pipe. LEV. watches him. Match burns LEV.'s fingers.*) Fo' de good land sakes. (*Exit R. 1 E., looking back and bumping into door R. with bucket.*)

(*Nine quick "rahs" for the local team heard off L.*)

TAD (*jumps on bench at L.*). Things are going a little better now. (*Yells of "Hold that line, hold that line," repeated monotonously off L. until MAJOR'S entrance.*) They're holding their own. (*Pause. TAD watches game breathlessly.*) Good boy, Jiggysy. But it's too late now. Only four minutes more in this half. (*Pause.*) Oh, Lord! Nothing doing. They're going through like the wind. (*Yells through megaphone, which was on chair.*) Hold that line. Play low, Jiggysy. Play low.

Enter MAJOR R. 3 E.

MAJOR (*at C.*). Ah, my dear Miss Cavendish, are you enjoying the game?

TAD (*on bench watching off L. and paying no attention to him.*) Play low, fellows. Play low.

MAJOR (*crossing to TAD*). Miss Cavendish!

TAD (*jumps down and hides pipe*). Hello, Major. Say, you got to excuse me. I'm busy. (*Exit L. quickly, yelling through megaphone, "Hold that line. Hold that line."*)

MAJOR. But, my dear Miss Cavendish. (*Runs out L. after TAD.*)

Enter MRS. B. and MISS C. R. 3 E.

MRS. B. (*coming down L. C.*). Well, we're here at last.

MISS C. Oh, I hope it isn't over.

MRS. B. They are just about through with the first half.

MISS C. How many halves are there?

MRS. B. I'm not sure, but I think there are three.

MISS C. (*at C.*). I couldn't make up my mind to come till the very last minute. The idea of me being at a football game. And to think of Jimmie's playing without my permission.

MRS. B. He just had to. He's one of the stars on the team. And we'd sooner win this Thanksgiving game than to have a new building endowed.

MISS C. I certainly have had a most bewildering time since my arrival.

MRS. B. Jimmie and Tad meant no harm. It was only a college joke. They had no idea you were coming.

MISS C. But the idea of Mr. Cheseldine pretending he was me. I don't understand—

MRS. B. Jimmie has promised to explain everything this evening after the game. Trust Jimmie to give a plausible explanation. (*Cheers off L.*)

MISS C. What's happened now?

MRS. B. We must have the ball. The score so far is 5 to 0. Let's go in there. I never was so excited in my life.

MISS C. If you think it's perfectly proper.

MRS. B. Why, of course it is. (*Exit MRS. B. and MISS C. L.*)

(*Referee's whistle blows.*)

Enter LEV. R. 1 E.

LEV. Dat's de end ob de first half. And 5 to 0. It's a shame. We's jonahed sure. (*Exit L.*)

The football team, including SCOTCH and JIMMIE, wrapped in blankets and sweaters, enter single file from L. They cross stage and enter house at R.

Enter MARJORIE, SHORTY, MISS JIM, BILLY, PROF. and MRS. POPP, MOLLIE, MRS. BAGGSBY, TAD, MAJOR and others with pennants, megaphones, etc. They come down C. and looking toward R. all yell.

ALL. Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Team, team, team!

ALL (*sing. Any other song may be substituted*).

FAIREST BEXLEY.

Air "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean."

Fairest Bexley, to thee now and ever,
 Our voices in praises shall ring,
 And the love in our hearts last forever—
 To thy name and thy fame let us sing.
 For our coach and our team we are cheering,
 And our captain so staunch and so true,
 For honor and Bexley forever,
 Nine rahs for the old gold and blue.

CHORUS:

Nine rahs for the old gold and blue,
 Nine rahs for the old gold and blue,
 For honor and Bexley forever—
 Nine rahs for the old gold and blue.

May our heroes in victory triumphant,
 The gold and blue banner wave high.
 But if they meet defeat we'll stand by them,
 For honor and Bexley our cry.
 From our hearts and our lips swell the chorus
 Thy sons ever loyal and true.
 While thy standard of honor floats o'er us
 They'll win for the old gold and blue.

CHORUS:

MARJORIE (*with SHORTY R.*). Talk about your hoodoos.
 Everything seems against us today.

SHORTY (*at R.*). It's their weight. They weigh—

MARJORIE. No, it's not: It's our luck. Our usual, fiendish, Thanksgiving luck. 5 to 0. It's a shame.

BILLY (*at C.*). I don't see why our men can't do something.

MARJORIE (*slightly sarcastic*). Is there anything you could suggest?

MISS JIM (*at L. C. to BILLY, her escort*). Where are the boys now?

BILLY. Resting between halves. A council of war.

MISS JIM. Football is sure rough. There is a cross-eyed man on the other team who just don't care what he does.

SHORTY. Our men can't tell which way he's looking. He slugs all the time.

BILLY. I wish some of our men would fall on him or give him the knee.

MOLLIE. Yes, or dislocate him somewhere.

SHORTY. The trouble with us was, we were too confident.

BILLY (*sadly*). Seventy-five of my good round dollars fading into the purple twilight. I'll have to board at the hash house for the rest of the year.

SHORTY. It's me to the fast choo-choo cars if we lose. My overcoat and dancing pumps are hanging in the balance.

MARJORIE. You boys croak too much. Wait till the last half is over before you begin to worry.

SHORTY. Well, if the last half goes anything like that one I'll have to write home to grandma.

BILLY. Where we're short is team work. This thing of every man playing to the grand stand don't go.

SHORTY. We did well enough for the first ten minutes. Jimmie ought to play lower.

Enter LEV. L.

LEV. Dey're habin' a fight out dere. Some ob dere men's a scrappin' with our rooters. Constable gwine to 'rest some one, I reckon. (*All exit L. except MISS JIM.*)

Enter JIMMIE R.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). Luck's against us, little girl.

MISS JIM (*at C.*). Well, even if it is, be careful of yourself. Don't get hurt. I thought that cross-eyed man slugged everybody on purpose.

JIMMIE (*grimly*). That cross-eyed man'll go home on the ice.

MISS JIM. You'll be careful, won't you?

JIMMIE. I'll try.

MISS JIM. Oh, my, the ribbon on my shoe's untied.

JIMMIE (*kneeling and tying it*). Do you like bows?

MISS JIM (*innocently*). I never had one.

JIMMIE (*untying and tying it over*). I mean on your shoes.

MISS JIM. Of course. (*Looks at it.*) What a nice bow you make.

JIMMIE (*at R. C.*). Do you think so? (*Looks up at her.*)

MISS JIM (*at C.*). Of course I do. (*Hangs her head.*)

JIMMIE. Do you think you'll always be satisfied with the kind of beau I make?

MISS JIM. Oh, Mr. Cavendish—

JIMMIE. Call me Jimmie. The boys all call me Jimmie.

MISS JIM. Yes, but I'm not a boy.

JIMMIE. That's so. Well, I'm mighty glad you're not.

MISS JIM (*taking a leaf from purse*). Here's a four-leaf clover. It's my good luck. Take it. Maybe it'll help you-all win the game. Wouldn't that be fine?

JIMMIE. Thank you. I shall keep this always.

MISS JIM. Why?

JIMMIE. Because you gave it to me. Some day I want to give you something in return for it.

MISS JIM. What?

JIMMIE. Wait and see. If we win the game will you wear a little ring as a remembrance of this occasion?

MISS JIM. As a remembrance of the game?

JIMMIE. No, as a remembrance of me.

MISS JIM. I don't need anything to remember you by.

JIMMIE. Well, will you wear it for me?

MISS JIM. I—I—(*she turns away*).

JIMMIE. Will you, (*pause*) Miss Jim? (*Pause.*) Jim?

MISS JIM (*shyly*). I'll tell you after we win the game.

(*Whistle sounded off L.*)

Enter team from R. and all others from L.

ALL. (*Sing. Any other college song may be substituted*).

OLD B. U.

Air, "Boola Song" (Yale).

Well, who are we? Well, who are we?

We're from the University!

Our football team is a grand old team,
 We'll cheer them on to victory.
 We've faith and hope in old B. U.
 And win—that's what we'll do.
 With a Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo,
 With a Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo!

CHORUS:

Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
 Boola, Boola, Boola, Boola,
 We will meet them, we will beat them,
 With our Boola, Boola, Boo!

Our Johnny Steele is a right good coach,
 He's from the University!
 And Jimmie, Scotch and Burke and Roach,
 We'll cheer them on to victory.
 They're all our pals at old B. U.
 And win—that's what we'll do.
 With a Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo,
 With a Boola, Boola, Boola, Boo!

CHORUS:

(Exit team L. followed by all except Miss JIM.)

MISS JIM *(at C.)*. He's the nicest boy I ever met. I sure hope he won't get hurt.

Enter Miss TWIGGS R. 3 E. and comes down R. C.

MISS T. *(at R. C.)*. Was that Jimmie Cavendish?

MISS JIM *(at C.)*. Yes.

MISS T. Say, Miss Channing, you and Jimmie are pretty good friends, aren't you?

MISS JIM *(confused)*. Why—er—of course.

MISS T. Then you won't be mad if I give you a little sisterly advice, will you?

MISS JIM. Mad? Certainly not.

MISS T. Well, it's about Mr. Cavendish.

MISS JIM. About Mr. Cavendish?

MISS T. Yes. Jimmie's all right, of course. But you musn't take him too seriously.

MISS JIM. I don't understand you.

MISS T. (*at R. C.*). Oh, yes, you do. I'm older than you and—well, I'm pretty popular with the college men and know their ways. Now don't you be taken in by all the nice things he whispers to you. Of course he isn't sincere. He's a regular college flirt, has paid attention to every girl in town, and everyone says—

MISS JIM (*at C.*). I beg you pardon, Miss Twiggs, but I reckon I'd better go. We're missing the best part of the game. (*One loud yell and horns heard out L.*)

MISS T. Yes, but everybody says—

MISS JIM. I just got to go. This is my first ball game. I know you'll excuse me. (*Exit MISS JIM L.*)

MISS T. What fools these young girls are? Any boy in college can just wrap them around his little finger. Well, they can't flirt with me. (*Exit R. 3 E. Cheers off L. College yell given off L.*)

Enter POPP L.

POPP. I really must say it is somewhat inconsiderate of Cleopatra desiring me to bring her a glass of water right at the most critical stage of the game. (*One loud yell off L.*) I wonder what's happened now? They're getting wilder and wilder every moment. This game seems to be characterized by much undue violence.

Enter MISS TWIGGS R.

MISS T. Oh, Professor, who has the ball now?

POPP. If I have been rightly informed, I believe one of the players has it.

MISS T. (*in disgust*). Oh! (*Runs off L.*)

(*Cheers, megaphones, etc., heard outside. Loud local yell.*)

POPP. I declare I believe we're scoring. Whenever I see the crowd waving our pennants I am always sure we are winning. (*Cheers feebly.*) Hurray! I believe I'm quite excited.

Enter MRS. POPP L.

MRS. P. Senacharrib. Come right away from there at once. You must not witness such a brutal demonstration.

Besides I have been waiting for that water for fifteen minutes.

POPP (*at C.*). I have made diligent inquiry, my cherub, and there is absolutely no water to be had on the grounds.

MRS. P. (*at L. C.*). How trying. (*One yell off L.*) They're getting worse and worse every minute. We must go home—

POPP. But, my rosebud, I *would* like to ascertain the final score.

MRS. P. Well, we'll linger here in the shade a while, but you must not look at the game. It's disgusting.

POPP. But, my little one, you are looking—

MRS. P. That will do, Popp.

Enter MAJOR, L.

MAJOR (*at L.*). Come on, come on. We shall have a chance. They're trying to buck the line.

MRS. P. (*at L. C.*). Oh, let me see.

POPP (*at C.*). With pleasure, my innocent. (*Exit POPP, MRS. POPP and MAJOR L.*)

(*Yells outside L., "Hold that line! Hold that line! Hold that line!" Repeat monotonously until MISS CAVENDISH enters.*)

Enter LEV. from house R. with bucket and towels.

LEV. We's wakin' up at las'. (*Yells.*) "Hold dat line! Hold dat line!" We're sure gwine to do somethin' now. (*Watches L. anxiously as if noting play—pause.*) Dat's it, dat's it. Eat 'em up, tigers. Eat 'em up. (*Comes C.*) Our boys better win dis game kase I'm gwine to be disgraced fo' life if dey don't. Ebry nigger in town knows I'm on de team, the chief official rubber down. Dat's me. We jes' got to win. (*Through megaphone.*) Hold dat line. See, on de line. Dey can't go through. Hold dat line! Touchdown! Touchdown! (*Exit LEV. L.*)

Enter Miss C. L.

MISS C. I have lost Mrs. Baggsby in the crowd. I can't make head nor tail of a football game. I think I'll rest here a while. (*Sits L. on bench.*)

Enter MAJOR L., Comes down C.

MAJOR (*seeing Miss C.*). Ah, here you are. I've been looking everywhere for you.

MISS C. (*astonished*). Are you speaking to me? (*Rises.*)

MAJOR (*at C.*). Why, certainly. Miss Cavendish, I have been—

MISS C. (*at L.*). I think you have made a mistake. I don't know you.

MAJOR. Don't—know—me? You're Miss Jane Cavendish, are you not?

MISS C. Certainly. But I must ask you to allow me to pass. I repeat, I don't know you.

MAJOR. But, Jane, my dear—

MISS C. How dare you, sir? Stand aside immediately or I shall call the police.

Enter TAD R.

TAD. Hello, Major.

MAJOR (*at C., looking from one to the other*). Please explain this mystery. Which of you is Miss Jane Cavendish?

TAD (*at R.*). Well, I guess it's up to me. Major, it was just a joke. I am Tad Cheseldine.

MAJOR. Tad Cheseldine?

TAD. Yours affectionately.

MAJOR. And you have dared to impersonate this lady?

TAD. I was only rehearsing for the play for tonight.

MAJOR (*to Miss C.*). I shall call the authorities and have this matter investigated.

MISS C. Not at all. It was simply a college joke. I knew Mr. Cheseldine was masquerading as me. I do not object.

TAD. Good for you.

MAJOR. *You* don't, but *I* do. I'll see that this affair is traced to its source and the culprits properly punished.

TAD. Hold on, Major. Back up, back up. Only last night you were treating me entirely different. It was (*imitates*) "May I call you Jane?" "Let me dally by your side and kiss those little tulips."

MAJOR (*in fury*). Oh, you shall pay for this! It's a conspiracy. It was Cavendish who insulted my sister the other night and this Aunt Jane business is all a farce.

TAD (*at R. C.*). It may have been a farce to us, but it was dead serious to you. Come, now, say everything's all right, and we'll shake hands and call the matter square.

MAJOR (*at C.*). Shake hands? Call the matter square? How dare you? You and Cavendish shall both be expelled.

MISS C. (*up L.*). Major!

TAD (*coolly*). Oh, no we won't.

MAJOR. Do you dare defy me, sir? You forget who I am. I am Major Kilpepper, sir.

TAD (*hotly*). And I am Tad Cheseldine. And furthermore, I am the editor of the funny page of the college paper, and furthermore our paper is read by every college and university in the country.

MAJOR. Well, sir?

TAD. Well, sir. Your little proposal to me last night will make a rich, rare and racy story. I have no objection to publishing names in the paper, because I can prove every word I say.

MAJOR. You wouldn't dare publish this disgraceful story.

TAD. Oh, wouldn't I? Tonight I'll tell the whole thing when I'm on the stage in the play, and the whole town will learn of your proposal to Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

MAJOR. You must not. (*Pause.*) I'll agree not to have you expelled.

TAD. Now, Major, the whole thing was a joke. Forgive and let's forget. We'll shake hands and be friends.

MAJOR. Well, there seems to be no other way out of it. There's my hand.

TAD (*shaking hands*). And I promise you no one shall ever hear the tale of how you proposed to me.

MISS C. (*coming down*). That's right, Major Kilpepper. I respect you for your decision.

TAD (*politely*). Miss Cavendish, allow me to present Major Kilpepper. Major, *this* is Jimmie's Aunt Jane.

MISS C. It was all a joke, Major. Boys will be boys.

(*Nine rahs for Bexley off stage.*)

MAJOR. Shall we go into the game? Our boys seem to be doing better this half. (*Exit MISS CAVENDISH with MAJOR L.*)

TAD. Now who says I'm not a diplomat?

Enter MARJORIE and MISS JIM L.

MARJORIE (*at L.*). Oh, Tad, come on. We've got the ball.

TAD (*at C., looking L.*). See! See! On the line. There's something doing now. Look at Jiggsy. Careful, now, careful. (*Pause, then sudden yell.*) Touchdown, boys! Touchdown!

MARJORIE. Oh, look; they're all piled up in a heap.

MISS JIM. Where's Jimmie? I—I mean Mr. Cavendish.

TAD. Oh, he's all right. Come on, girls. We'll beat 'em yet. (*Exit MISS JIM, MARJORIE and TAD L.*)

Enter SCOTCH and SHORTY L., running.

SCOTCH. Jiggsy and Buster are both out.

SHORTY. What'll we do?

SCOTCH. Where in thunder is Tad?

SHORTY. He was here a minute ago. He's still dressed like a widow.

SCOTCH. He'll have to cut that out. We need him right away.

SHORTY. Tad! Tad Cheseldine! (*Exit SHORTY and SCOTCH R.*)

Enter MISS C. L.

MISS C. I think I'll return home. Everyone seems to be jumping on everyone else. (*Sits on bench L.*)

Enter SCOTCH and SHORTY R.

SCOTCH. There he is. (*MISS C. is seated with her back to him.*)

SHORTY (*seizing her*). Come on Tad. We need you.

SCOTCH. Take those rags off. (*They rush MISS C. off L., she screaming.*)

Enter MRS. B. R.

MRS. B. I thought I heard a scream. (*Looks L.*) Great heavens! They've got Miss Cavendish out there on the field. (*Screams.*) Help! Murder! Police!

Enter TAD, MARJORIE, MISS JIM, BILLY and OTHERS L.

ALL. What's the matter? What has happened?

MRS. B. (*points L.*). It's Jimmie's Aunt Jane. She'll be murdered. (*Faints, supported by BILLY.*)

MARJORIE (*looking L., standing on bench*). See! They're rushing her across the field. (*Pause long enough to count fifteen.*)

MISS JIM (*screams*). They've knocked her down!

TAD. Jimmie's running after her.

MARJORIE. See, see! He's got her. (*Pause.*) He's carrying her.

MISS JIM. Get some water. (*Exit* LEV. R.)

Enter JIMMIE, carrying MISS C.

JIMMIE (*sitting her L.*). Are you hurt, Auntie?

MISS C. (*panting*). What was it?

Enter LEV. R. with water. MISS C. drinks.

MISS C. Let me go home. This is awful. Jimmie, I forgive you everything, for you saved my life. Why did I ever leave the calm and quiet of Wall Street for a college town?

SCOTCH (*appearing at L.*). Come on, Jimmie.

JIMMIE. Right. (*Exit L.*)

MISS C. What does it all mean? I must look a sight.

MRS. B. I'll call a cab and we'll leave at once.

MISS C. Leave? Not at all. I've been in the game now and I'm going to see it through to the finish. I really believe I'm beginning to enjoy it. (*Loud yell, with horns, etc.*)

ALL. What's that?

MISS C. What does that mean?

Enter MOLLIE L.

MOLLIE (*very loud and excited*). It means that we still have a chance.

MARJORIE (*on bench*). Oh, look! They're all in a bunch. (*Pause.*)

SHORTY (*looks at watch*). Time's nearly up. Gee, I wish we'd do something, and do it quick. Only two minutes. (*Breathless pause—count twenty-five—all strained, watching L.*)

MARJORIE (*suddenly screams loudly*). Oh, look! Look! Look!

TAD. Somebody's out from under. Look at him wriggle away. (*Pause.*)

MISS JIM. It's Jimmie.

TAD. He's after the ball. (*Pause, then screams.*) He's got it!

MARJORIE. Look at him go.

ALL. Go, go, go! (*Pause, all watch a moment breathless.*) Touchdown! He's made it. He's made it. (*Girls throw arms around each other—men throw hats and pennants in air. Then all watch L. again breathlessly.*)

TAD. He's within a yard of the line.

MARJORIE. Look at them run.

SHORTY. They're after him.

TAD. Too late; too late.

(*Long pause, everyone breathless, like stone, then:*)

TAD (*screams*). He's made the kick. (*Whistle blows. ALL rush off L. Brass band plays L.*)

ALL *re-enter, the team carrying JIMMIE on their shoulders.*

ALL. Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Rah, rah, rah!

Jimmie! Jimmie! Jimmie!!!

CURTAIN.

SECOND CURTAIN.

MISS JIM and JIMMIE discovered alone.

JIMMIE (at C.). Well, we won.

MISS JIM. You won. You're a hero. My hero.

JIMMIE (*takes ring from his finger and crosses to her*). Here's the ring. (MISS JIM *turns away bashfully*.) Remember your promise. Jim! (MISS JIM *with averted head slowly extends left hand and JIMMIE puts the ring on her finger and takes her in his arms as—*)

CURTAIN.

NOTE.—*The stage manager and the entire company must carefully study the "shouts outside." Much of the success of the third act depends on work behind the scenes.*

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Family Strike, 20 min.	3	3
First-Class Hotel, 20 min.	4	
For Love and Honor, 20 min.	2	1
Fudge and a Burglar, 15 min.	5	
Fun in a Photograph Gallery, 30 min.	6	10
Great Doughnut Corporation, 30 min.	3	5
Great Medical Dispensary, 30 m.	6	
Great Pumpkin Case, 30 min.	12	
Hans Von Smash, 30 min.	4	3
Happy Pair, 25 min.	1	1
I'm Not Meself at All, 25 min.	3	2
Initiating a Granger, 25 min.	8	
Irish Linen Peddler, 40 min.	3	3
Is the Editor In? 20 min.	4	2
Kansas Immigrants, 20 min.	5	1
Men Not Wanted, 30 min.	8	
Mike Donovan's Courtship, 15 m.	1	3
Mother Goose's Goslings, 30 m.	7	9
Mrs. Carver's Fancy Ball, 40 m.	4	3
Mrs. Stubbins' Book Agent, 30 min.	3	2
My Lord in Livery, 1 hr.	4	3
My Neighbor's Wife, 45 min.	3	3
My Turn Next, 45 min.	4	3
My Wife's Relations, 1 hr.	4	6
Not a Man in the House, 40 m.	5	
Obstinate Family, 40 min.	3	3
Only Cold Tea, 20 min.	3	3
Outwitting the Colonel, 25 min.	3	2
Pair of Lunatics, 20 min.	1	1
Patsy O'Wang, 35 min.	4	3
Pat, the Apothecary, 35 min.	6	2
Persecuted Dutchman, 30 min.	6	3
Regular Fix, 35 min.	6	4
Rough Diamond, 40 min.	4	3
Second Childhood, 15 min.	2	2
Slasher and Crasher, 50 min.	5	2
Taking Father's Place, 30 min.	5	3
Taming a Tiger, 30 min.	3	
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Those Red Envelopes, 25 min.	4	4
Too Much of a Good Thing, 45 min.	3	6
Treasure from Egypt, 45 min.	4	1
Turn Him Out, 35 min.	3	2
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VAUDEVILLE SKETCHES, MONOLOGUES, ETHIOPIAN PLAYS.

	M.	F.
Ax'in' Her Father, 25 min.	2	3
Booster Club of Blackville, 25 m.	10	
Breakfast Food for Two, 20 m.	1	1
Cold Finish, 15 min.	2	1
Coon Creek Courtship, 15 min.	1	1
Coontown Thirteen Club, 25 m.	14	
Counterfeit Bills, 20 min.	1	1
Doings of a Dude, 20 min.	2	1
Dutch Cocktail, 20 min.	2	
Five Minutes from Yell College, 15 min.	2	
For Reform, 20 min.	4	
Fresh Timothy Hay, 20 min.	2	1
Glickman, the Glazier, 25 min.	1	1
Handy Andy (Negro), 12 min.	2	
Her Hero, 20 min.	1	1
Hey, Rube! 15 min.	1	
Home Run, 15 min.	1	1
Hot Air, 25 min.	2	1
Jumbo Jum, 30 min.	4	3
Little Red School House, 20 m.	4	
Love and Lather, 35 min.	3	2
Marriage and After, 10 min.	1	
Mischievous Nigger, 25 min.	4	2
Mistaken Miss, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. and Mrs. Fido, 20 min.	1	1
Mr. Badger's Uppers, 40 min.	4	2
One Sweetheart for Two, 20 m.	2	
Oshkosh Next Week, 20 min.	4	
Oyster Stew, 10 min.	2	
Pete Yansen's Gurl's Moder, 10 min.	1	
Pickles for Two, 15 min.	2	
Pooh Bah of Peacetown, 35 min.	2	2
Prof. Black's Funnygraph, 15 m.	6	
Recruiting Office, 15 min.	2	
Sham Doctor, 10 min.	4	2
Si and I, 15 min.	1	
Special Sale, 15 min.	2	
Stage Struck Ducky, 10 min.	2	1
Sunny Son of Italy, 15 min.	1	
Time Table, 20 min.	1	1
Tramp and the Actress, 20 min.	1	1
Troubled by Ghosts, 10 min.	4	
Troubles of Rozinski, 15 min.	1	
Two Jay Detectives, 15 min.	3	
Wanderer, 15 min.	2	
What at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
What, 25 min.	5	2
What de Reward? 30 min.	5	1

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Umbrella Mender, 15 min.	2	
Uncle Bill at the Vaudeville, 15 min.	1	
Uncle Jeff, 25 min.	5	2
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